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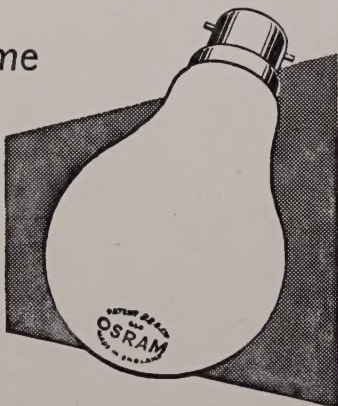


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Resettlement in Finland

by WENDY HALL

Between the equally unpopular Russians and Germans, the Finns had a difficult choice to make a decade ago. In the end they drew on themselves the anger of both. As an example of the manner in which they have faced the consequences, the author takes the resettlement of Finnish Lapland

"REBUILDING", they say proverbially in Finnish Lapland, "is more important than life." You cannot stay long in any part of Finland without realizing that, in this country of wooden dwellings, rebuilding inevitably becomes a national preoccupation. Conversation is punctuated with references to this Great Fire and that Great Fire, which may have burned 200 years ago, but whose flames are still felt with an intensity far exceeding our own imaginings of the Great Fire of London.

Lapland, too, has often suffered from being the battlefield or skirmishing ground in major and minor conflicts between the West and Russia from the time of Gustavus Adolphus onwards. But destruction, far from breeding despair, has stimulated effort and ambition. While the rest of Europe greys at the possibility of another war, the Rovaniemi official who showed me over a new school—as modern as anything that London can boast today—concluded the tour with the gay remark: "And after World War III we'll see if we can't build something even better."

Since 1944 not only Lapland but the whole of Finland has needed all this proverbial will to rebuild. By the terms of the armistice of September 1944, Finland ceded to the Soviet Union Karelia with the important city of Viipuri, the Salla tract in eastern Lapland, the area round Petsamo, and leased Porkkala Udd on the Gulf of Finland. In these areas 477,000 people, more than a tenth of the total population of 4,000,000, lived. Approximately half of them farmed 10 per cent of the country's cultivated land. They were given the choice of remaining on the farmsteads where they had lived for centuries and becoming Russian citizens or moving. None chose to stay. All, old and young, sick and healthy, preferred to leave their homes and fields and begin a new life elsewhere. And so 34,000 new farms had to be found for them, 34,000 farm-houses built.

On this problem the turn of events imposed another, equally great. When they signed the armistice, the Finns agreed to drive the Germans out of Lapland, where most of them had been stationed. The Germans retaliated

for the negotiation of a separate peace by scorching the Lapland earth to an extent unknown in other theatres of war. Lapland—an area as large as Switzerland and Denmark together—was totally devastated.

The Finns, foreseeing the danger, had evacuated almost the entire population of 138,000 to Sweden and Central Finland. But they could scarcely have foreseen that there would be no homes to which the Laplanders could return; that the Germans would blow up or burn down 16,000 buildings, seeking out even the smallest log-cabin in the remotest forest to destroy it; that the capital, Rovaniemi, with its population of nearly 9000, would be left with only seventy semi-habitable buildings amid its smoking ruins; and that an UNRRA representative would describe Finnish Lapland as "the most devastated area in Europe".

Now, seven years later, rebuilding and resettlement are almost completed. Only a handful of Karelians still lack their own farms. In Lapland more buildings have been put up than were destroyed. And while the state has made it possible for the dispossessed to start afresh on a reasonably promising basis, they have been far from 'feather-bedded'. The burden has been shared by the state and the individual; the state's role has been to help the people to help themselves.

The Karelian problem, despite the 460,000 people involved, was eased by three factors. There was no shortage of land in Central and Southern Finland; no shortage of essential building-materials with the great forests close at hand; no shortage of labour because the Finns are used to building their own homes. The problem was rather human and psychological. If the Karelians were to be given land, others had to part with it. Redistribution had to be carried out on a basis which would cause the least friction between newcomers and established landowners. The question of leasing scarcely arose. Even in the Middle Ages, Finland knew no feudal system, and is still today a country of farmer-owners.

Land for the Karelians was acquired first by voluntary sale to the state, which provided



As a result of the armistice signed in 1944 Finland ceded to the Russians Karelia, the Salla tract in eastern Lapland and the Petsamo area, and leased them Porkkala Udd on the Gulf of Finland. All the 477,000 people who lived in these areas elected to move rather than come under Russian rule. The Finns also undertook to drive the Germans out of Lapland, who retaliated by devastating the country and depriving the inhabitants of their homes. (Left) Karelians leaving to be resettled elsewhere. (Below) Evacuee children going to Sweden where they were given temporary shelter



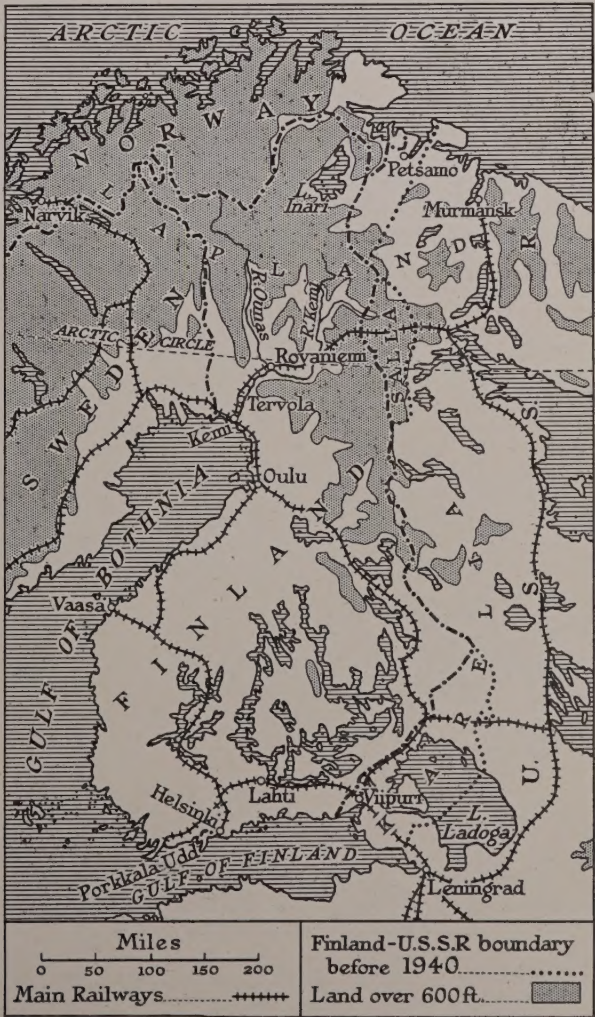
40 per cent of the total 4,600,000 acres re-allotted by the end of 1950. The remaining 60 per cent was acquired compulsorily from state and communal land, mismanaged farms, and the estates of big proprietors whose chief occupation was not agriculture. Re-allotment was made on a sliding scale. Those who had owned the smallest farms in Karelia were given the same acreage elsewhere, or a little more if their previous holdings were thought uneconomic; those who had farmed the largest estates received only a proportion of their former acreage. Money compensation was given for the loss of homes and farm buildings, but only a sum sufficient to pay for building-materials and a small amount of skilled labour for plumbing and so on. Beyond that, the Karelians were expected to build their own homes and fend for themselves.

An effort was made to resettle them as far as possible on a community basis. No new villages were formed. It was thought better to graft the inhabitants of a Karelian village onto an existing village elsewhere. At first, though, the plan was fairly elastic. If Farmer Koponen and his wife felt that they could never settle on the first farm offered to them, nobody stopped them packing up and visiting Uncle Matti to see if he was any happier. Perhaps they stayed with Uncle Matti and asked for a plot of land near him; perhaps they continued the trek round their numerous and scattered relatives. The rest of the Finns, meanwhile, decided that it wasn't much use trying to travel in those days, because every train was filled with Karelians visiting each other, either looking for fresh land, or trying to recapture something of the family feeling of the lost province.

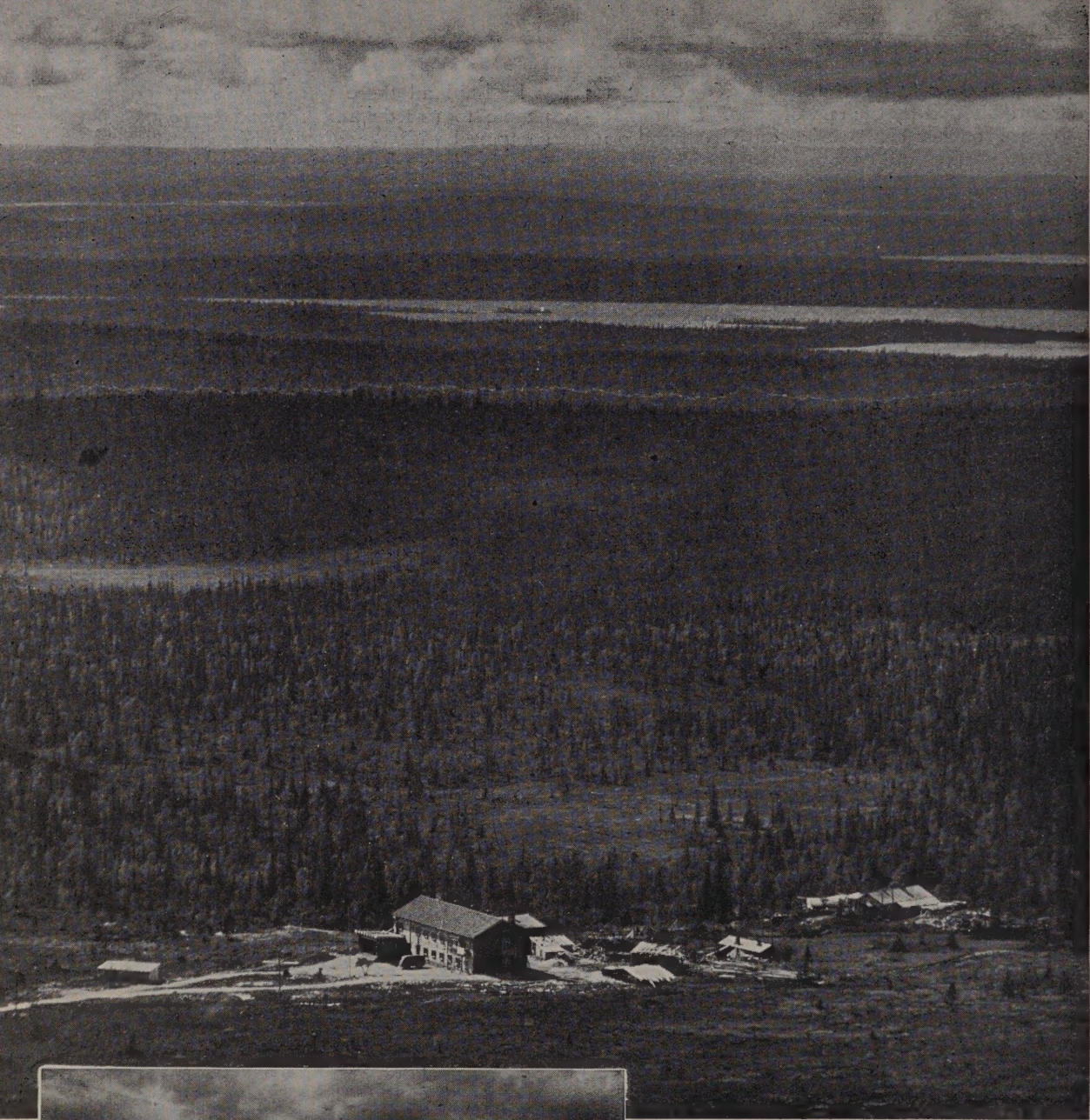
For the urban workers and the citizens of Viipuri, before the war the third largest city in Finland, few plans were made. The dispossessed had to exercise their initiative and the rest of the population their goodwill. The citizens of Viipuri joined the inhabitants of other big towns in the long queue for new living-quarters, and their friends and business contacts made it their responsibility to find work for them. Many individuals and organizations, however, migrated to Lahti, Finland's youngest town, where today one out of every five inhabitants is a Karelian.

In Lapland there were only about 9000 people to resettle and 130,000 to rehouse, compared with the 460,000 Karelians. But the problem was infinitely more complex. There was a great devastated area, left without a single bridge over its wide and rushing rivers, with its roads impassable, its rail and telephone connections with the south cut. There were enormous distances to cover. There were Lapp tribes, each speaking a different dialect, and unable to read the official documents which only tried to help them. There was a climate which made life hard at the best of times. A less courageous people might have been tempted to write Lapland off, to leave it to the 2000-odd Lapps, their reindeer and the wolves, and move the Finnish Laplanders into the centre and the south.

But had the Government decided to do so, the Laplanders would have taken no notice.



A. J. Thornton



Lapland is a country of untamed forests and roadless wilds, hard enough to settle, let alone re-settle. Farmers, driven from their former lands, were faced with the immense task of clearing, ditching and draining anew. (Left) Where roads existed, after World War II their signposts pointed to scenes of devastation



Eino Mäkinen

Rovaniemi, capital of Lapland, was left a smoking ruin by the retreating Germans. The citizens, returning by whatever means they could find, lived during the winter of 1944-45 "in cellars, ruins, holes in the ground". But somehow they managed to survive; and now Rovaniemi is being rebuilt to a new town-plan, a fine example of energy in post-war reconstruction



Eino Mäkinen

For all the comparative ease of life in prosperous Sweden—to which many of them had gone—and the less rigorous Central Finland, they were determined to return to Lapland. The greatest difficulty was not to bring them back, but to keep them away until conditions were fit for them to return.

Look first at Rovaniemi, the capital. It lies at the confluence of two great rivers, the Ounas and the Kemi, and at the junction of six main highways. Before the war it had “just grown”, higgledy-piggledy. In 1945, it had not only to be rebuilt but rebuilt according to a good town-plan. The Provincial Government, evacuated to Kemi, asked Alvar Aalto, the great Finnish architect, to draw up a plan urgently. It begged its citizens not to return and rebuild until the plan was finished.

It begged in vain. While the ashes were still smoking in Rovaniemi, a man went to the Provincial Governor and said: “I have a perfectly good concrete foundation. May I go back?” Most didn’t even trouble to ask. They pushed their belongings back on carts, they thumbed lifts on the slender means of transport available. One man, with spectacular irregularity, borrowed an engine, drove it along a piece of track still in fair repair, and rode triumphantly into the capital.

That winter of 1944-45 they lived in cellars, ruins, holes in the ground. There were no candles, and only the flames of blazing logs to light the darkness of day and night. Food was scarce all over Finland, and there was no means of transporting it to

Lapland. There was wood for building, but no nails, no glass, no tools. Fortunately the present ‘town boss’ (he fills both the offices of mayor and town clerk) was Minister of Transport. He saw to it that everything was done to reconnect Lapland by road, rail and telephone with the rest of Finland. In some cases that meant laying rail track on frozen rivers, but it was done. A little food, some building-materials, and a lot of builders began to find their way into Lapland. The Finnish Airlines resumed their service and transported officials and technical specialists who balked at the slow and chilly twenty-four-hour journey between Helsinki and Rovaniemi.

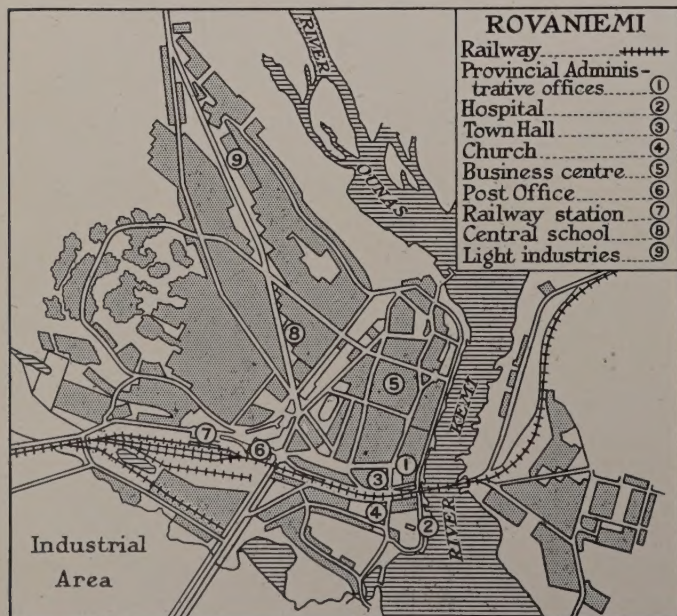
Help came from outside, too. The Save the Children Fund, the Swedish Red Cross and United Nations International Children’s Emergency Fund organized school meals services and provided clothes for children. American Quakers with their own hands helped the Laplanders to build fresh homes. If the Laplanders had ever thought that their perch on the roof of the world made them inaccessible, they know now that it is otherwise. Their gratitude for help personally given and personally received is still constantly and touchingly mentioned in conversation today.

Somehow they survived the winter. Spring brought the town-plan, in the shape of a reindeer’s antlers. No-one will say whether Aalto started with the antlers and ended with the plan, or whether the main highways began to look like antlers and he merely made them more so. But the citizens of Rovaniemi

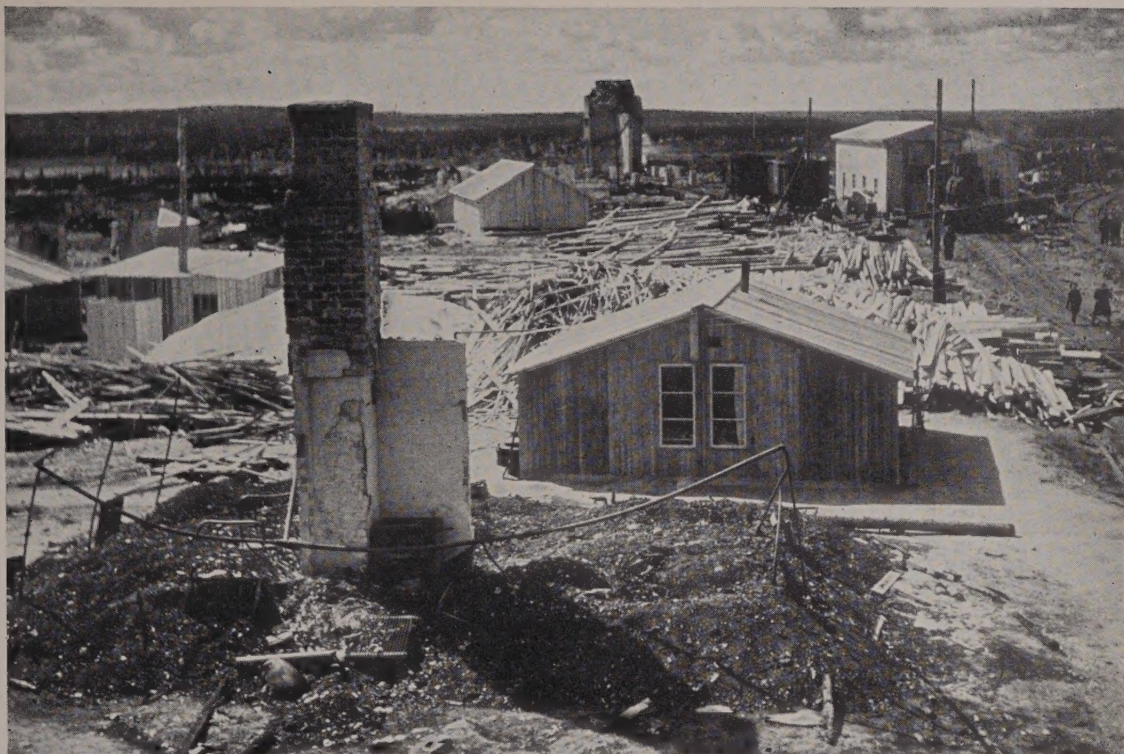
are properly proud of this flight of fancy in a country too dominated by monotonous chequer-board planning.

Today Rovaniemi rises white and gleaming on either side of the Kemi River. If you approach it from the airfield, a bare strip of moorland darkly edged with pines, it comes as a shock to see this most modern of cities shining on the Arctic Circle, its buildings sharp white, and roofed either with a deep rose slate matching the incomparable northern sunsets or a steely grey recalling wintry skies. Soon Rovaniemi will be even brighter and more colourful, because the town architect is preparing a plan to paint all the wooden dwelling-houses in different colours.

That is the first impact. Then you look closer, and see that



A. J. Thornton



Eino Mäkinen

It was impossible to keep the inhabitants of Rovaniemi away until conditions were fit for their return, and almost as difficult to see that rebuilding was carried out in accordance with the new town-plan. Each stage in building is supervised by a professional and only if satisfactory is a permit given for the next



Eino Mäkinen



Finnish Tourist Association

"Today Rovaniemi rises white and gleaming on either side of the Kemi River". Its housewives can afford to be house-proud: the new houses are much better than the old. By taking advantage of the opportunity that German destruction gave for replanning and rebuilding, Rovaniemi has advanced fifty years since 1945

Eino Mäkinen



many signposts still seek in vain for roads, and that temporary houses—grey wooden shacks—peep out like poor relations between the smarter stone and concrete buildings of the centre. And you see the occasional pre-destruction house where the child asks: "Why didn't the Germans burn our house too? The new ones are so much nicer."

The town authorities agree with the child. German destruction, they say, took Rovaniemi fifty years forward in five years. Now, if the architecture is a little plain and stereotyped—since there was no time for fantasy in the drawing offices, and the Finns do not, in any case, expect the Arctic to blossom as a rose—there are entirely modern public buildings, schools and hospitals which put more southerly latitudes to shame.

Laplanders in the rural areas were cared for, on behalf of the Government, by the Finnish Agricultural Association. Its architect drew up plans of several different types of timber house, to which detailed building-instructions were added. Everyone who already owned a plot of land returned to it and set about building a new house according to these plans. Compensation here, as in the rest of Finland, was based on the assumption that outside labour costs would be extremely small. In each commune a professional builder was put in general charge of these scattered dwellings. Permits for building-materials were given progressively and required the signature of the commune builder. He was free to refuse to sign any permit for fresh material if he was not satisfied that each preceding stage of building had been properly carried out.

But how were building-materials to be transported to remote places across roadless wilds? The Laplander's passion for solitude keeps him at an inconvenient distance from so-called civilization. Witness the minute community of Madetkoski, forty-five miles from the nearest road. In winter the Madetkoskians travel to the highway by reindeer and sleigh, in summer they come down the river by canoe. General reconstruction seemed to offer the opportunity to move them to a more accessible spot, but they were merely indignant at the suggestion. So building-materials had to be transported here, and to many other small communities, in winter only, when a sleigh could draw them over vast stretches of snow. In one case they were drawn ninety miles across the frozen surface of Lake Inari, while window-panes went by aeroplane to safeguard against breakage.

All these people went back to the plots of land where their former houses had stood.

But the 5000 evacuees from Petsamo had to be found land elsewhere. They had to be found jobs, too. Among them were deep-sea fishers who knew nothing about lake or river fishing, nickel-mine workers whose mines were now in Russian hands, Lapp tribesmen whose reindeer, their only means of subsistence, had been lost in the fighting, and farmers.

A few fishermen, lumbermen and miners managed to find similar work, but most of them had to turn to farming. Many were resettled in the fertile valley of the Kemi River between Rovaniemi and Kemi. In Varejoki, in the commune of Tervola, 800 people from the Petsamo area have been settled on seventy farms. It is a thickly wooded, marshy district; its black earth is thought the richest in Northern Finland. But years of hard and unrewarding work must be put in before it will yield even a modest living for the experienced husbandman or the stumbling novice.

Settlement began here in 1947. The men came first, leaving their evacuated families in Central Finland. They followed the centuries-old Finnish custom of building first their *sauna*, or bath-house, and living in it while they cleared a little land, sowed potatoes, and built the farmhouse. In the spring their wives and children arrived, and there began the immense task of clearing the forests, ditching and draining the land.

Today they are still struggling for existence in an atmosphere in which hardship and optimism jostle robustly. There is, for instance, a family with ten children (once there were eighteen) living on a 250-acre farm. In Southern Finland this would be a rich and prosperous holding. But here, only eight acres have so far been put under cultivation. The forest which covers almost the whole area must be laboriously cleared by human effort. There is no money for bulldozers. Timber yields little or nothing because marshland produces only poor quality wood and, in any case, the farmer cannot afford to pay for its transport to the nearest sawmills. They have a pig, a horse, and a cow whose milk is collected by the Cooperative and sold in Kemi or Rovaniemi. But they do not always succeed in growing enough fodder to keep even these three animals alive.

Not just this struggling farmer but all in Varejoki know that it will take at least ten years' hard work to make profitable farms out of this untamed forest and marsh. Yet they do not grumble. It is the same for everybody, and hard work leaves little time for complaining. They have their homes, well built



L. Hugh Newman

In the forest areas of Finland there is no money for bulldozers; and the land, laboriously cleared by human effort, has to be cultivated with little machinery. The settlers in such areas have many years of hard, unrewarding work before them, yet they do not grumble: it is their own land

and fairly roomy, their children, in perhaps too abundant supply, their joyful little Lapp dogs, their flowering plants winking at the poorest windows, and their radio. How much this means to them I realized when a farmer switched abruptly from the saga of his own last five years to engage me in a lively and well-informed discussion about the rights and wrongs of the peoples of Asia.

Then there were the Lapp tribes, each with its own individual problem, to be dealt with. Although there are only about 2000 Lapps in Finnish Lapland, the Finns have always attempted to preserve their customs and habits, and to prevent their being swallowed up in a way of life for which they are not fitted. The treatment of the Scolt Lapps, a tribe numbering only about 450, and formerly living in the ceded Petsamo area, is typical. Outside Finland the Scolts have been romanticized as "the happiest people in the world". It may be so; the Finns are more preoccupied by the fact that their predominantly Russian strain makes them the most indolent of Finnish citizens. For this reason it was no use resettling them in a district where they would have to compete with the more industrious Finnish Laplanders. It was no use giving them food and clothing which would only underline their reluctance to work for themselves. Instead, houses were

built for them in the wilds north of Lake Inari, and state funds provided to buy them fishing-tackle and reindeer. The purchase of reindeer was not only a matter of money. At many of the post-war spring and autumn dividings there have just not been enough reindeer for sale. The herds, so reduced in the war years, have still to be built up again.

But herds, houses and men are being rebuilt with energy and optimism in Lapland. Today the major part of the struggle is over, though there are still human bodies distressingly in need of rebuilding after so many years of hardship. Tuberculosis, once almost driven out of Lapland, has flared up again, and far too many children, so long deprived of food and shelter, are becoming victims. So it is in many war-devastated countries; but it is perhaps typical that in Lapland, the most devastated of all, the first "preventorium" of northern Europe was opened. Here children liable to develop the disease are being cared for and strengthened to resist it. Help still comes from outside—from the United Nations Children's Emergency Fund, from the World Health Organization. When their children's bodies have been made strong again, the people of Lapland will begin to feel that the long job of rebuilding is completed.

Agriculture in the Kenya Highlands

by RUSSELL SMALLWOOD

The European farmer's contribution to African agriculture varies with geographical conditions. In Kenya it is important, for the climate of the highlands encourages European settlement. The author, who served in World War II with the King's African Rifles, began farming in Kenya in 1946

"OF COURSE," as an elderly visitor from England informed me with all the assurance of three months' observation, "farmers in Kenya don't really work." "I mean," he continued, "you don't get out on your tractor every morning and plough the land like any young man would do at home. You don't milk the cows or clean out the pigs or dig a row of spuds." "In fact," he added, with the air of one who has made an incontrovertible point, "all you do is supervise other people."

That certainly is largely true. But to supervise several dozen African labourers, any one of whom is capable, as I saw again last week to my disgust, of plucking a live chicken to its quivering flesh without an inkling of the agony inflicted, is not perhaps quite the easy task that this old gentleman envisaged. Any merit there may be in any farm in the Highlands certainly derives up to ninety-five per cent from the knowledge, the adaptability and not least the industry of its European owner. Nor is our role unimportant. Agriculture is Kenya's dominant industry and a few thousand white farmers provide in fact the mainspring of her economy. Being, so far as we know, almost devoid of minerals, she will never be rich, since two-thirds of her soil is infertile, but she can and indeed in the long run she must export large quantities of foodstuffs and timber. The bulk of these exports will for the foreseeable future come from the White Highlands. Although European areas (excluding forest reserves) comprise 12,700 square miles against 52,124 square miles in Native Reserves, it is only in the White Highlands that sufficient farming land, capital and skill as yet exist to produce an exportable foodstuffs surplus. The Native Reserves, even those few (the Masai Reserve, as the extreme example of untapped fertility, carries only four persons to the square mile) which are not already much overcrowded, need all and more than they produce for home consumption: and the African population still increases.

That greater agricultural production in the Highlands means larger profits for my neighbour and me (and how nice that would be) is only half the story. More even than the entrepôt and 'in-transit' trade of East Africa, now mainly in Kenya's hands, which enabled her in 1949 to achieve a volume of trade equal to Uganda's and Tanganyika's combined, the state of agriculture affects government spending, town life and commercial prosperity: every activity and community in fact within the Colony. What farming is to Kenya, or the gold mines to South Africa, the settler farmers are to agriculture. What progress Kenya has made—and it is by no means despicable—can be attributed mainly to improvements in agriculture, for which the settlers and their capital deserve most of the credit. Numerically the settlers are a tiny element—less than 20,000 out of about 5,500,000—economically they are enormous, in the farming sphere supreme. As farmers, I think you will agree, they have deserved well of the Colony.

When Lord Delamere, still the greatest name in East Africa, entered what are now the Kenya Highlands from Abyssinia fifty-four years ago, native tribesmen grew grain and root crops solely for their own subsistence and kept scrub cattle as counters of wealth, not as milk- or meat-producers. European crops—wheat or barley—good dairy-cattle, domestic pigs or even tropical produce like coffee or citrus-fruits were unknown. With extraordinary confidence in a barbarous and little-known country, Delamere and the handful of pioneers who followed him set out to establish British agriculture in Africa.

Living conditions in 1900 had changed very little from the days of Burton and Speke. Indeed it was only fifteen years since Joseph Thomson, dismaying the ferocious Masai with the magic of Eno's Fruit Salts, entered and crossed the Highlands to emerge triumphantly on Lake Victoria as the real discoverer of Kenya. Up-country chiefs were no



Elsbeth Huxley

A Kenya settler's house. Though almost on the equator, nights at 6000 feet are cold: hence the chimney. The settler's adoption of Africa as a home is shown in the building-style derived from—

whit more enlightened, if a good deal less powerful, than King Mutesa of Uganda—that gross Omnipotence who, when Speke gave him a carbine some forty years earlier, handed it full-cock to a page with instructions to shoot the first man he saw outside the court as a test of its efficiency. Of agriculture, of which European crops would grow and which fail under East African conditions, nothing whatever was known. Every move was an experiment and every success raised new problems of transport and marketing. There were plenty of failures. Lord Delamere himself planted hundreds of acres of imported wheats with excellent results, only to lose the lot two years later from an unknown rust disease. Cattle and sheep died in their thousands along the Great Rift Valley near Nakuru, the present farming capital, from cobalt deficiency, a disease now known throughout the world as “Nakuruitis” and readily cured. Perhaps the courage of those legendary pioneers can only be appreciated at its full worth by those who, like the present generation of Kenya farmers, still experience in a mild degree the disasters of tropical agriculture.

The aftermath of World War I brought a big influx of settlers. Although many went bankrupt in the 1931 slump (and what would early Kenya have done without the bankers' loans?), it was the 1919 soldier-settler who did most between the wars to prove the potential of Kenya's agriculture. His task was by then slightly easier. Some rough main roads and growing towns were in existence as well as a flourishing railway. More important still to the farmer, there were at last some tried and established crops—coffee, sisal, wheat—a few imported cattle and a rudimentary marketing system. Scientists and plant-breeders were at work. Although for the dairy- or mixed-farmer the inter-war years were far from prosperous, progress was no longer entirely empirical.

Far more than the 1914-18 conflict, the last war revolutionized Kenya's agriculture. Prices during the war rose steadily and many a settler who barely managed during the 1930s to keep out of bankruptcy found himself in 1945 not only free of debt, but the owner of a valuable property. Capital in millions entered the country. Between 1946 and 1949 a thousand new companies were



Elsbeth Huxley

—the thatched cedar-posted huts such as these erected by Kikuyu 'squatters' on a European farm. In exchange for free land on the farm the squatters undertake to work part of the year for wages

formed in this small Colony, with a nominal capital of over £88,000,000. Swarms of moderately affluent settlers (many latterly from India) bought indifferent farms and set out to improve them. With the proceeds of surplus land sales and savings from military service the pre-war farmer could at long last himself afford the expense of development. Agricultural machinery, cars, trucks and building-materials poured in between 1946 and 1950. A new Agricultural College at Njoro, teaching first ex-service immigrants under a government financial aid scheme and now a permanent institution, encouraged the spread of good husbandry. Post-war agriculture set off with a bang.

Now that the first fine flush of enthusiasm has subsided, how do we stand? Surplus money has dried up and debts to the banks are rapidly increasing. Machinery, all of which must be imported, is not always forthcoming. Car and (except for animals of the best quality) dairy-cow prices have fallen sharply; so have land values. Are we then heading for an early slump? Unless the causes lie outside Kenya, I do not think so. Rather we have returned to normality.

Returns from agriculture are in fact very fair. Coffee, wool (now dropping) and sisal prices are high, and the tea companies flourishing. Butterfat at 2s. 10d. per lb shows a small, but diminishing, profit for the dairy-farmer, beef prices are at long last reasonable, wheat pays well at 55os. a ton and a contract concluded in 1950 with the Ministry of Food will take as much bacon for some while as the Colony can produce. The pyrethrum daisy, source of many insecticides, provides a very valuable if more speculative crop for the high altitude areas.

During the past six years a shower of bounties has descended on our farms: better prices, larger sums voted for veterinary and crop experimental work, improved marketing through our various Cooperatives and the formation in 1948 of a Kenya branch of the National Farmers' Union. These advances alone would have stimulated production; with them came a crop of new settlers. Coming when we did on the crest of post-war aspiration, we new arrivals helped considerably to sweep from agricultural practice the lethargy induced by years of marginal farming. The outcome of this happy combination



Paul Popper

Two thriving sources of revenue to Kenya, which owe their introduction to European enterprise: (left) pyrethrum is extracted from a daisy-like flower and is exported to Europe and America for making various insecticides; (opposite) coffee, a crop which requires skilful processing, is now successfully grown by African as well as European farmers

small herd of cattle, low-grade Friesian cross, and in the distance, slowly approaching, two teams of trek oxen, just inspanned after their overnight halt, returning with milk and empty cream-churns to some farmstead under the hills.

I happened a month ago to be in that district again. Where grass had been were fields of young wheat just coming into ear; the boundary fences of new farms stretched right and left from a well-maintained road. Windbreaks, tracks and buildings broke the land-

has been, inevitably, a major agricultural revival. The symptoms can be seen throughout the Colony.

Nine years ago as an officer in the King's African Rifles I used to hunt jackal at weekends on a great level plain some thirty miles from my farm, enclosed at one side by the Aberdare Mountains and at the other falling sheer into the Great Rift Valley. Riding out soon after dawn we would stop a moment to admire the view from one of those enormous anthills that rise like miniature volcanoes on all the plains of East Africa. And what a view it was! Short, hard and green after rain, tall greying stalks in the drought, the grassland stretched untouched to the horizon as it had stood for centuries. Nearby a dozen hartebeest eyed us as usual with stupid intensity and a herd of brown-white Thomson's gazelle, by no means alarmed, paused a moment from grazing, flicking their scuts. Further on beyond some zebra, numerous always and fat at any time of year, was a

scape; crawler-tractors were at work turning in more grass and crushing the wet grey earth to make ready for more crops. In twenty miles I did not see a single buck, nor any wild animal. The primitive romance had altogether gone—and I was glad. For here is the first and surest sign of prosperity. There are acres enough in Africa, millions with a rainfall under twenty inches, that will support a Game Park, but few indeed that will bear a crop of wheat. No farmer enjoys an expanse of unimproved grassland carrying a cow to eight acres; he would prefer to see it ploughed. To break new land ten years ago was often a luxury, but with prices where they stand today, it pays him to plough—and plough he does.

Not only has the scale of farming increased, the methods employed have immensely improved. Take as an example this farm, which we bought in 1946. It was no worse than a dozen in the district: forty worn-out acres of pyrethrum and one or two of oats; on

the remaining 900, unmanaged and unfenced, a few low-yielding, so-called dairy cows. In thirty years' existence it had never been farmed—just spasmodically exploited. Who at pre-war prices could afford to farm it? Arable land and cattle have in five years been quadrupled, milk and pyrethrum yields been substantially raised. Oats for the cattle, barley for the pigs, grass leys, peas, wheat, mangolds and lucerne are all growing this year. Ten thousand trees have been planted and several miles of fencing have been installed. The gross return, which had doubled last year, will be trebled and quintupled during this year and next. The same expensive transition from monoculture to mixed farming occurred during the same period on scores of farms throughout Kenya. They are not predominantly the farms of new settlers; the sails even of our longest-established inhabitants have been trimmed to the new fair winds. Exploitation is out of favour. The 'maize bashers' of the 1930s, who discovered after twenty-five years of obstinate monoculture that even virgin forest land is

destructible, have almost disappeared, and their intolerable but less numerous successors, the 'wheat bashers' of 1951, will not survive for very long the dual pressure of dropping yields and rising prices. (In this case, incidentally, even a pioneer farming-community, always—and rightly—the passionate advocate of free enterprise, might surely recognize that what is good for the hive is not, unfortunately, invariably good for the bee.) It is one interesting symptom of the new outlook that grass leys, although at present in their infancy under Kenyan conditions, attract enormous attention. Before the war, when farms above the 7000-foot level and carrying perhaps 300 head of cattle ran to 3000 and more acres, the idea of planting grass leys or growing silage appeared to most farmers as an absurd extravagance. "Grow grass on my arable? What a way to waste money!" Nowadays, with better cattle, higher produce-prices and a quarter of the land formerly available selling at twice its pre-war cost, there is a rush to increase productivity.

Here and now, gentle but ambitious

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reader, let me sound a note of warning. Do not I beg of you, hearing of our "agricultural revival", rush off at once to sell your business and emigrate to Kenya in search of easy profits. Come by all means and farm in Kenya—it is a glorious country—but do not expect for three years at least to make a profit, or when you do to find it easy. I was talking the other day to a mixed-farmer of experience. He remarked, a little wistfully perhaps but apparently without surprise, that he had never in fifteen years removed a penny of profit from his 2000-acre farm. Having fortunately a small pension, he had been able slowly throughout those years to capitalize and improve his farm out of profits; and he hoped, just hoped, to start withdrawing a little money by 1953. This—if you will visualize the reputation of a public company which has paid no dividends for fifteen years—singular procedure demonstrates two truths about Kenya farming. It shows how readily the farmer (and not only a Kenya farmer) will submerge all other interests entirely in the welfare of his farm. It shows also, since

fifteen years is a longish time for the few buildings and implements required to continue demanding one's entire income, how difficult it has been, and is, to make mixed- or dairy-farming really pay.

So important is it to a new settler (who usually overestimates the value of cheap labour) to understand the profit-basis in Kenya farming, that a brief illustration may be useful. A dairy-farmer from England decides to set up in Kenya on his capital of £10,000. He buys a very small farm, by local standards, of 600 acres and builds a house for a total of £5000. He stocks his farm for £3000 with 100 head of dairy-cattle (more would be unwise on the type of grazing he must expect), keeps £500 working-capital and spends the remainder on a dairy and such fencing, water-supplies and machinery as he can then afford. His average yearly output of butterfat to the Kenya Cooperative Creameries will gross him £1700 and new calves a further £350—a total of £2050 gross. With feed and medicines at £750, labour at £350, transport and miscel-

Cattle, "as counters of wealth, not as milk- or meat-producers", existed in Kenya before the European farmer came. Now he has imported the best European stock, often crossed with native cattle

Opeth Huxley





All Kodachromes by Peter Hill

Kenya's pastoral tribes have never understood the use of cattle in relation to land-fertility: their multiplication of poor stock has brought soil erosion to the Native Reserves. One of the European's great gifts to African life is to teach by example the balance between cattle and land

laneous expenses another £150, he will spend £1250. His annual net profit will thus be £800, or eight per cent of his invested capital. Surely not, in face of constant risks from East-Coast Fever, locusts, Drought (with a capital "D") and other nightmares of tropical farming, an excessive return?

The output on which these figures are based is 400 gallons annually per cow, a figure well above the Colony's average, but very poor compared with Britain's 625 gallons. Herein lies the crux. Reasonable profits can now only be obtained in mixed- or dairy-farming by better-than-average production. The simple 'pioneer' method of increasing profits—to buy more land—no longer works. "Less land and better output" is the modern settler's aim.

Politically and economically this change is to be welcomed, practically it is hard to achieve. Land units sufficiently small to be operated by half-a-dozen hands will seldom pay in this erratic monsoon climate. There

remain the use of machinery or extensive native labour. The former, all imported over a vast distance, is extremely expensive, and so is fuel. Any farmer who decides at present prices on complete mechanization will inevitably be over-capitalized. Why, then, not native labour? The average unskilled employee on this farm receives in cash and kind barely £25 a year: he is cheap enough, surely.

Intensive production by means of native labour is unfortunately not the easy solution that it sounds. To find and keep a sufficient African labour-force is already, on farms such as this where hand-cultivated crops are grown, a major headache. While semi-skilled workers of indifferent quality, lorry and tractor drivers, milkers and clerks, exceed demand, the ordinary hand labourer, the *jembi* man, tends to remain in his Reserve and procreate. The labour pool in most districts is much too small, and contains a high proportion of scallywags. The better married man (and Africans marry young) will probably insist



"Reasonable profits can now only be obtained in mixed- or dairy-farming by better-than-average production". The old solution of buying more land no longer applies, and the rule in Kenya today is "less land and better output". Hence mechanization (above) is adopted by farmers wherever economically possible, with a corresponding increase of capital investment. This extends also to such items as (left) the reservoirs necessary in many places to retain the seasonally meagre rain-water

upon becoming a 'squatter'; he will want land, two or three acres on annual lease, fuel and grazing for a flock of fifteen sheep. Even ten squatters, enough for a small dairy farm, will require the use in one way or another of seventy valuable acres. If the squatter system, a relic of extensive farming days, is rapidly becoming unworkable, the alternative, workers housed in 'labour lines' on each estate, has other and serious disadvantages. Since few single Africans remain for more than six months in one employment or more than a year away from their Reserves, the population is always changing, open to the influence of 'bad hats', drink and promiscuity without the restraints of tribal, or even of family, life.

Between the expense of mechanization and the uncertainty of hand labour, most farmers today steer a compromise course. Where expenditure on a particular implement seems likely over the years to yield a ten per cent dividend they buy it; if not they do without. Should the labour shortage increase they must endeavour, of course, to replace men by machinery. Let us hope that it will not increase. For the African, deprived simultaneously of a ready source of income and his best field of contact with the European way of life, would in the long run be much the greater loser.

We seem indeed to have come a long way since 1900. Yet beneath a new and semi-civilized veneer, has life in Kenya really changed? Tonight in the smoke and human odours of a dozen native huts not half a mile from here, the same age-old discussions of the same topics and customs are being banded to and fro. Sex, drink and witchcraft, the sale of daughters, of crops and of sheep are the subjects that matter to cattle-herd and carpenter, to farm labourer and mechanic, to our superior native clerk. They mattered in 1900; they matter more than all the news in newspapers, more than all the inventions of white genius, to an African today. And we in our homely bungalows of cedar-slab, has our



Farm produce must often be hauled long distances to the nearest railway station by ox-wagon, in many instances on roads built originally by the European farmers' initiative

life greatly changed? Our African servants are still here, the splendid climate and the ample food, the dogs and enormous timber fires. Our talk is still, like that of farmers the world over, of weather and crops, of neighbours and newcomers, of the state of the roads, of horses and polo, of politics, small scandals and absurdities. We go occasionally to Nairobi, but are glad to get back home; we read a lot and listen with an easy detachment to the B.B.C. news. We are, if you like, appallingly parochial—but the word has no sting. For we know, as our predecessors knew in 1900, that our job is worth while. In the satisfaction of daily work, in the comfort of well-ordered homes and in the prospect above all of continuous achievement, we in Kenya can still enjoy, as how few Englishmen now can, *la douceur de vivre*.



John Markham

Kodak

British Mammals

by L. HARRISON MATTHEWS

Dr Matthews is Scientific Director of the London Zoo. The colour-plates accompanying his article are reproduced by permission of the Editors of the New Naturalist Series, published by Collins, in which they will shortly appear as illustrations to a volume by him entitled British Mammals

MAMMALS are generally considered to be the highest animals in the scale of evolution, perhaps partly because man is himself a mammal. Whether one agrees with this opinion or not it is certain that in their anatomy and physiology the mammals are among the most complex of animals, showing a degree of elaboration in these directions equalled only by those other warm-blooded animals, the birds. But they show a degree of evolutionary advance 'superior' to that of the birds in their development of intelligence, their method of reproduction, and the parental care in suckling their young.

The mammals are one of the most diverse animal groups and include, in addition to a vast number of terrestrial animals, the bats and whales which are so different from the others that they are thought by simple folk to be birds and fishes.

In undeveloped countries the environment—the climate and vegetation—periodically changes and there is a corresponding seesaw in the state of the fauna; but settled occupation by man brings profound and permanent alterations. Britain has been settled and cultivated for so long that most of the major changes due to human influences are already

past—the large beasts of prey have been exterminated, and man's introduced species firmly established—and the whole character of the mammalian fauna is related to man and his works, and some sort of balance is struck.

Wild mammals, unlike birds, are not a characteristic feature of the landscape almost everywhere in Britain; nevertheless mammals, hidden from sight, are all around us, often within a few feet, during our country walks. With the exception of a few kinds, such as the rabbit, or seals or deer in suitable places, they are not visible in the open, and are difficult to see at close quarters. Many of them are nocturnal in their habits, and nearly all of them are expert at concealing themselves.

Yet mammals abound in great numbers, the population of field-mice alone probably exceeding in numbers that of man himself.

But though individuals are numerous, species are few, for we have only about fifty species of land mammals in Britain; if the whales, and the northern seals that rarely visit our shores, are added, the list extends to about eighty at most.

In the space available here I shall attempt to deal with only two points: the kind of knowledge about British mammals to which research is now being directed; and the history of British mammals as revealed by recent research. As an example of the first point we may take the bats.

Bats are so specialized for flight and for a diet of insects that they differ in many details of their biology from the other mammals. Nursing mothers carry their young babies about with them but their burden is eased because there is only one youngster at

(Opposite) *The polecat, like other members of the weasel family, benefits as well as harms man, for it preys on rabbits and rats. Common in Britain a century ago, polecats were nearly exterminated; now they are increasing in some parts of Scotland and even more in Wales. Polecats are considered no longer to be purebred but crossed with ferrets that have escaped and have returned to the wild.*

(Right) *Dormice are the only British rodents that hibernate; because of this they probably live longer than most mammals of comparable size—perhaps up to two or three years—for they spend nearly half their time on the borderline between life and death. Hibernation appears to be brought about by the accumulation of fat and is not affected by lack of heat, light or food. Dormice seem to be getting rarer in Britain*



Ektachrome



Markham

Ektachrome

Grey squirrels are aliens; they were liberated in many parts of the British Isles in the 19th century and have since spread all over England, except to East Anglia where they do not thrive. They are serious pests, excelled only by rats and rabbits. Curiously enough, more is known about them by zoologists than their native cousins, the less harmful red squirrels

The black rat is an urban creature, living mainly in big ports; but it is able to support itself inside London and is to be found in large numbers in some of the best clubs and even in Westminster. Its commoner cousin, the brown rat, is No. 1 in the Ministry of Agriculture's "Rogues' Gallery" and does damage to the value of £25,000,000 a year



John Markham

Ektachrome

The red squirrel in various forms is widely distributed throughout the wooded parts of Europe from Ireland to Asia. There are twelve named subspecies inhabiting Western Europe alone; that found in the British Isles is a subspecies peculiar to these islands and is distinguished by the light, sometimes almost white, tail. It occurs in most counties except the central southern ones and is most plentiful in Wales



M. S. Wo

a time, at least in the British species. This slow breeding-rate has a bearing on the age attained by bats. If the numbers of a species are not to decline each female must leave at least one surviving daughter. If the ratio of sexes born is roughly equal this means that each female must leave at least two surviving offspring and, to allow for the accidents inevitable to any animal, more than that number must be produced. At a bare minimum, then, each female must give birth to at least three offspring in her lifetime. A female bat born during the summer does not normally breed in the following autumn or spring so she must be at least two years old at the time when she gives birth to her first young. She must live then to the age of at least four-and-a-half years in order to rear three offspring; and this being the least possible average span, many individuals must live much longer. This conclusion is upheld by observations made on marked bats on the continent. In a *Vespertilionid* bat of a species not found in Britain 7 per cent of the animals marked as adults of unknown age were alive and in good health five-and-a-half to six-and-three-quarter years afterwards; and a lesser horseshoe-bat was similarly recorded over seven years after being marked. These ages are in very striking contrast to the short life-spans of most small mammals, many of which live little more than a year or at most two. On the other hand when it is remembered that some species of bat spend

up to nine-tenths of their life in summer asleep, and all of it during the winter in hibernation, it can readily be appreciated that the animal machine will not wear out so quickly as in mammals that are active for a higher proportion of the twenty-four hours daily.

Some light has recently been thrown on what has long been a mystery in the life of bats: on how they are able to fly about in the dark without colliding with the objects in their path. Over 150 years ago the Italian Abbé Spallanzani found that bats which he had blinded did not collide with obstacles when he allowed them to fly. Many unproven theories were founded on this observation but no precise work was done on the subject until about thirty years ago when some experi-

ments in which uninjured bats were allowed to fly in a completely dark room led to the suggestion that they might be able to locate objects by the reflected sound of their own voices. But it is only since the war that experiments using apparatus capable of picking up very high-pitched sounds and recording them have solved the problem. What enables bats to avoid obstacles they cannot see is strikingly similar to one of man's latest inventions, radar, and though it is not the same, it is founded upon the same basic principle, the very simple one of 'echo-sounding'. If a short sharp sound is made so that an echo returns from a neighbouring object, and the time elapsing between making the sound and hearing the echo is noted, then if the speed of sound is known a simple calculation will give the distance of the object from the observer. In radar the 'sound' used is a short burst of electromagnetic waves of high frequency, similar to those used in very high frequency radio. In the bat's echo-location the sound is a short burst of ultrasonic waves,

sound waves pitched above the limit of human hearing. In such a system, if the waves are not broadcast but directed in a narrow beam, the direction of the object from which the echo comes is easily perceived. As a bat flies about it no doubt builds up a picture of its surroundings by pointing its beam of sound rapidly in different directions, just as other animals gain a visual picture by looking about, directing their gaze ahead, to the sides and behind. The bat probably learns to judge distance with its ears by experience and practice just as other animals do when using their eyes. Ultrasonic waves do not travel very far in air and consequently the bat's view must be rather limited, hence the sudden twists and turns characteristic of bat flight—the animal has to be very quick in its reactions, for it gets little warning of an impending collision.

My second point involves some consideration of recent changes in the direction of zoological research. By the beginning of the 20th century the scientific study of zoology



Bats, one of the largest orders of mammals, are the only ones that have achieved true flight. Nothing is known of their evolutionary history but the few remaining fossil fragments show that there were fully evolved bats some 50,000,000 years ago. (Left) Natterer's Bat is one of the dozen species of bats in Great Britain. It is of medium size; its wingspan is about eleven inches. It is found in practically every county in England, Wales and Ireland, but is rare in Scotland. It also occurs all over temperate Europe and Asia to China and Japan

Long-eared Bat, showing the enormous ears that act as trumpets to catch echoes of the high-pitched voice from nearby objects, thus avoiding collision when flying about in the dark

had for the most part turned away from systematics (the classification of animals) and natural history to problems that can be investigated in the laboratory, such as genetics (the study of inheritance) and cell-structure, or to comparative physiology and experimental embryology. These were most profitable fields for research after the storm raised by Darwin's writings had subsided, leaving the idea of evolution to illuminate the biological sciences. But the knowledge gained in the laboratory is now being taken out into the field again, and applied to animals as they are in their natural environment, with the result that our understanding of the biology of the mammals has made great advances in recent years. Studies have been made in several directions, on the relation of the animal to its biological and physical environment, on behaviour and psychology, on population-numbers, and on the factors within and without the animal that control the breeding cycle. And the knowledge of genetics won by experiment which shows that new species do not arise in direct response to changes in the environment, but by the segregation and perpetuation in isolated populations of small random changes arising internally, has led to the closer examination of the specific characters of our mammals. The result has been that a large number of local races or subspecies has been recognized, careful study of whose distribution has thrown much light on the probable history of the British mammal fauna.

The outstanding fact with nearly all our subspecies of mammals is that they are geographically isolated from their nearest relatives, being usually confined to off-lying islands. All our species are, of course, confined to islands, and it might be expected that they would all be subspecifically different from their relatives found on the Continent. But although some, such as the British squirrel, are different, others, such as the badger, are not, showing that some animals more readily



Eric Hosking

form subspecies than do others—they are more 'plastic'.

Summarizing the history of the British mammal fauna, we may say that none of our species (except those introduced by man, and possibly some bats) has entered the country during the last 7000 years, and that many of them have probably been in continuous occupation for 20,000 years, some of them probably for very much longer, perhaps as much as 400,000 years. But it is only during the last 20,000 years, after the end of the last Ice Age, that the fauna has again distributed itself over the whole of the country; and in the earlier part of that period populations, large or small, of many species became cut off on various islands where they have evolved to recognizable subspecies. On the processes of nature man has imposed his influence to an increasing extent in the last 2000 years, often only a destructive influence; now that his inquisitiveness is at last giving him some inkling of the processes with which he is interfering we may hope, probably in vain, that he may be sufficiently disinterested to avoid wanton meddling in the future.

The Chilean Cowboy

by C. J. LAMBERT

The author was born in Chile, on a farm which his father and grandfather owned and managed before him. He describes it in fascinating detail in his book Sweet Waters, published this month by Chatto and Windus. The following extracts from the book relate to one aspect of life on the farm

THE cowboys at Sweet Waters were grand fellows. They rode like centaurs. They were always cheerful. Their skill with the lasso was completely amazing and if food was short they fed their horses before they fed their wives.

There are readers who may wonder whether this last statement should count as a good mark. I can imagine hackles rising among the great community of housewives, and also pleased smiles from those who have given large sums of money to the R.S.P.C.A. It was a fact, however, and shows the bond between horse and rider.

On rare occasions they would do things to their mounts which we should consider cruel, but they were far more likely to take it out of their womenfolk if they felt that way about things, and I do assure you that their type of bits and spurs were capable of tearing a horse to ribbons if they wanted to be brutal. It was only on the rarest of occasions that we had to give one of them warning, and there was one warning only at Sweet Waters.

Everything about the cowboy is colourful, from his dress to his work. We will start at his feet and work up. On the rare occasions when he is not on his pony, he walks with a mincing effeminate step, because his boots have high heels to allow his spurs, with their four- or six-inch rowels, to clear the ground. These increase the strangeness of his gait, for to turn your toes out when wearing these great spurs means a heavy fall. Watch an old cock in the farmyard: he moves his feet in the same way, and for the very same reason.

These spurs are heavy, for a pair weighs three pounds, and they are beautifully inlaid with silver; the arms are criss-crossed in patterns, while some have the rowels picked out with spots of silver, so that when they revolve flashing circles of colour show. What is more, these rowels are matched in tone, so that a man on horseback gives a pleasing jingle rather like the sound of handbells.

I can already sense readers thinking, "Why on earth do they use these cruel spurs?" I will try to answer that question later.

The cowboy's legs are encased in leather

botas. These entirely enclose the leg from ankle to knee and extend right up to his thighs to protect him from the thorn-trees in the hills. They are ornamented with leather of contrasting colour, and down the outside of the leg from knee to ankle runs a steel strip to save his legs from injury, when he has to part cattle in mobs of 300 or more in the corrals.

Above, he is equally colourful, for he wears a short cotton coat, and over it a poncho in which he takes great pride. Square, with a slit in the middle for his head, this is the perfect covering for a mounted man, draping legs, saddle and arms, and giving perfect protection against rain or cold. Beautifully woven in bright colours, they have broad bands of contrasting colours running across them fore and aft, and the edge is also in a different shade—maroons, mauves, browns, purple, the cowboy has a wide choice. He is never without his poncho, which he can fold up onto his shoulders, leaving arms and body free when the sun strikes hot.

In the dry season he wears a cone-shaped hat made of felt, with a stiff brim and strings beneath his chin, but in wet weather a finely woven panama hat, the ideal headgear for rain since it is completely waterproof.

Now for the cowboy's saddle. This is a tremendous affair weighing anything between forty-five and seventy pounds, but it is admirably suited for its job, for he is in the saddle ten hours a day and sometimes longer. Sheepskins are cut square and pairs sewn together, leather to leather with the fleece outside. Three pairs of these are placed over a sweat-cloth on the pony's back and on top of them goes the saddle-frame, wooden side-bars on each side of the horse's spine joined by upswept steel arches fore and aft, while each side-bar is fitted midway with a large ring to take girth and stirrup leathers. The stirrups are of wood like huge half clogs, carved in intricate designs, with the steel supports inlaid in silver. They are bulky to save his feet from injury. The front arch of the saddle-frame is brought well up to clear the horse's withers, and the

A Chilean cowboy. His hat, a fine-weave waterproof panama, is for winter use. Over his coat the poncho, square with a slit in the middle for the head, is folded on his shoulders. His legs are encased in leather botas with a steel strip down the side to resist pressure in the corral and his feet are protected by wooden stirrups. The saddle, resting on three pairs of sheepskins, weighs anything from 45 to 70 lb. Beside it the lasso lies coiled, ready for instant use

front is often covered with chased silver, with pockets on either side to take the cowboy's heavy knife and scissors. The string girth is about eight inches wide and also has heavy rings, for it is tightened with a long narrow rawhide thong, which passes several times through the rings of saddle-frame and girth, and gives great purchase when pulled. On top of the frame goes a pair or two more sheepskins and the whole is covered with a dressed leather square, cunningly laced at the edges with leather of contrasting colour. The whole contrivance is kept in place with a ringed, broad leather cinch, tightened by means of thong and rings to a second string girth. The cowboy's lasso is attached to the ring on the right side of this by a quick-release thong and button.

Once these saddles are worn in they cup the cowboy's thighs like an armchair, and give perfect support both back and front on the steep hill paths. Behind the cowboy's right leg lies the lasso, coiled ready for use, behind his left a braided horse-hair rope with quick-release thong and button. This *cabresta* is about fifteen feet long and is used for tethering his pony; with it are his hobbles. Before him in one pocket of his saddle-frame is his *machete*, a broad-bladed dual-purpose knife, with which he pares his horse's hooves and snicks the thorn branches in the hills which would scratch his face, while in the other

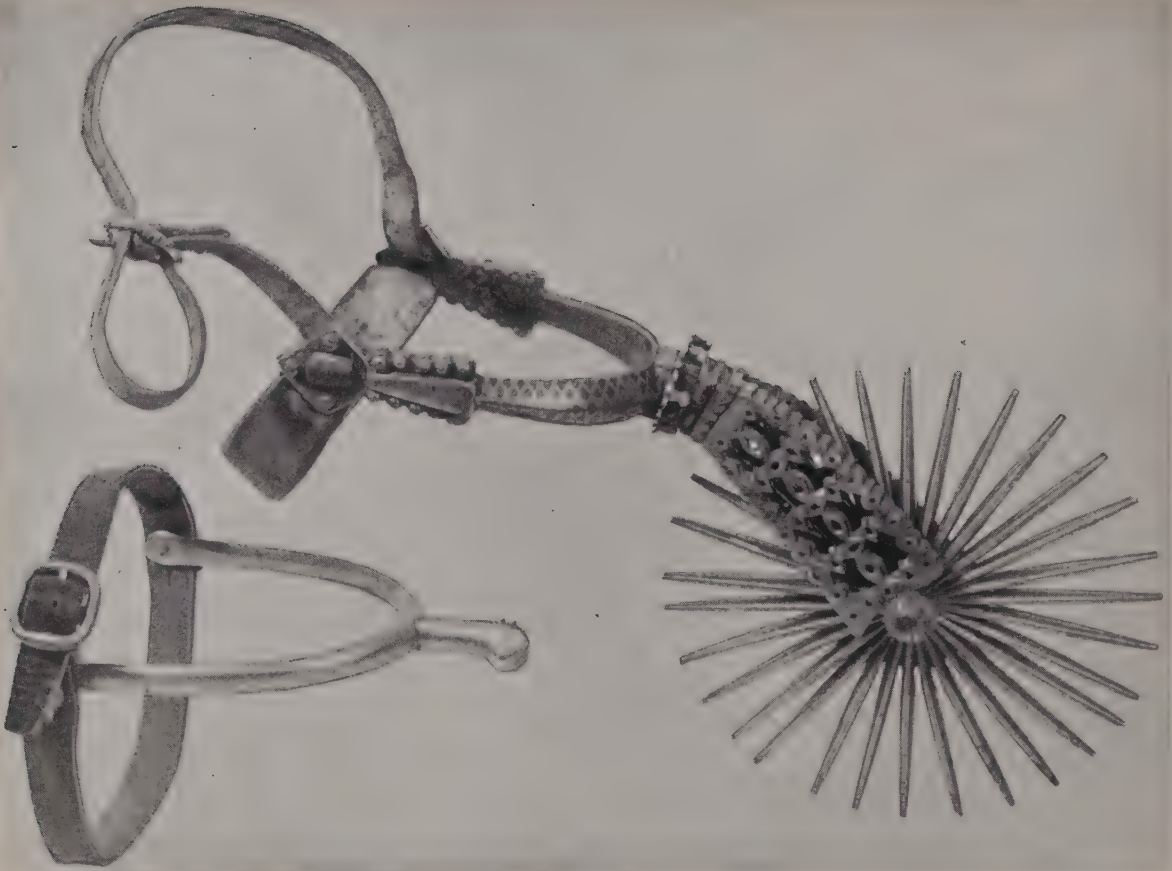


Anglo-Chilean Society

pocket is a big pair of scissors for clipping mane and tail.

The horse's head is also heavily ornamented. The headpiece is of braided leather and the browband of inch-wide woven material in bright colours, fringed at the ends to hang down on both sides of the face; but it is the bit which makes an English rider gasp, for it weighs about two-and-a-half pounds.

A massive thing of iron, it has a heavy extension bar running up into the horse's mouth, to the top of which is fitted a swivelling iron ring which slips over the horse's lower jaw. When the curb is used, this bar presses on the horse's mouth, but is restrained by the ring which is fitted with revolving balls. If the horse is used for cattle-running in the corrals the bit is fitted with a metal plate ornamented with silver, which projects in front of the mouth and protects teeth and lips



A silver-inlaid Chilean spur and an English spur. The former weighs $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb and the rowel is $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. across. In each case the top of the rowel is at the same level in relation to the wearer's heel

from injury.

These bits have every part outside the horse's mouth heavily ornamented with silver, and very beautiful they are: craftsman-built with such perfect balance that they ride at the correct angle on a single finger.

The horse knows the power of this bit and responds instantly to the slightest check, sitting on its haunches if required, more from sensing the horseman's balance than from any pull on the curb.

The reins are short and beautifully braided, ornamented with Turk's-head bands of fine kidskin, which are joined to a heavy inlaid ring. From this ring also swings the *chicote*, a most useful help in parting cattle. This is a braided leather rope one yard long, and the thickness of a cigar, to the extremity of which are fitted two flat pieces of heavy leather which act as a clapper if anything is struck with them. For a quick getaway the cowboy swings the chicote on his pony's flank, or signals which animal in the corral he is trying to part off by clapping on its back.

I have gone fully into the cowboy's outfit,

for every bit of it has been evolved over a period of centuries and is ideally adjusted to its job. The great pair of spurs is most comfortable as he sits for long hours straight-legged in his armchair, for it is seat rather than saddle as we know it. While he canters slowly along, the blunted rowels just touch the horse's flank, revolving slowly and ringing like handbells.

His job in corral and field necessitates complete control of his mount every split second of the day, for his pony must be able to spin round with the speed of a cat. It is neck-trained and turns instantly on its hind legs at the slightest side-pressure of spur on flank and side-swing of the reins and balance. Everything depends on complete control with one hand, for his right hand must be free to whirl his lasso, which he uses with uncanny skill.

Come with me, for in an hour a buyer is due at the corrals to purchase 150 fat beasts for shipment to the north.

Ten cowboys and I go jingle-jangling in the cool of the morning along to a field conveniently near the corrals, where some 250

prime fat beasts are eating their heads off.

The cowboys are sitting their ponies as only men with a lifetime in the saddle know how, chatting and laughing and deftly rolling cigarettes with one hand as they ride; the ponies are fresh and eager with the sun glinting on the silver inlay of bit, saddle and spur.

A big sweep is taken round the steers and they are gently edged towards the field gate and along to the Media Luna, a perfectly round corral, bounded by a slightly out-sloping fence of stout poplar posts interlaced with withies, some six feet high.

From this corral lead various gates to other corrals, and also to the large weighing-machine which takes four beasts at a time.

The steers mill round, sensing trouble, and the buyer, mounted on a large horse to give him a better view, appears and takes up a strategic position near the gate to the weighing-machine exit. He points to a steer with his stick, and immediately a pair of cowboys urge their horses towards it as it mills amongst its mates, hitting it a sharp slap on the back with the clapper of a chicote, so telling the ponies that this is the one which needs cutting out.

Twist and push as it will, the steer is worked towards the gate, the ponies keeping their shoulders tight behind those of the beast on each side. Here the big wooden stirrups and steel-rodded botas of the cowboys come into use, for already the buyer has signalled four more beasts for the weighing machine, and the mob of cattle are milling around frantically in their efforts to avoid the horsemen.

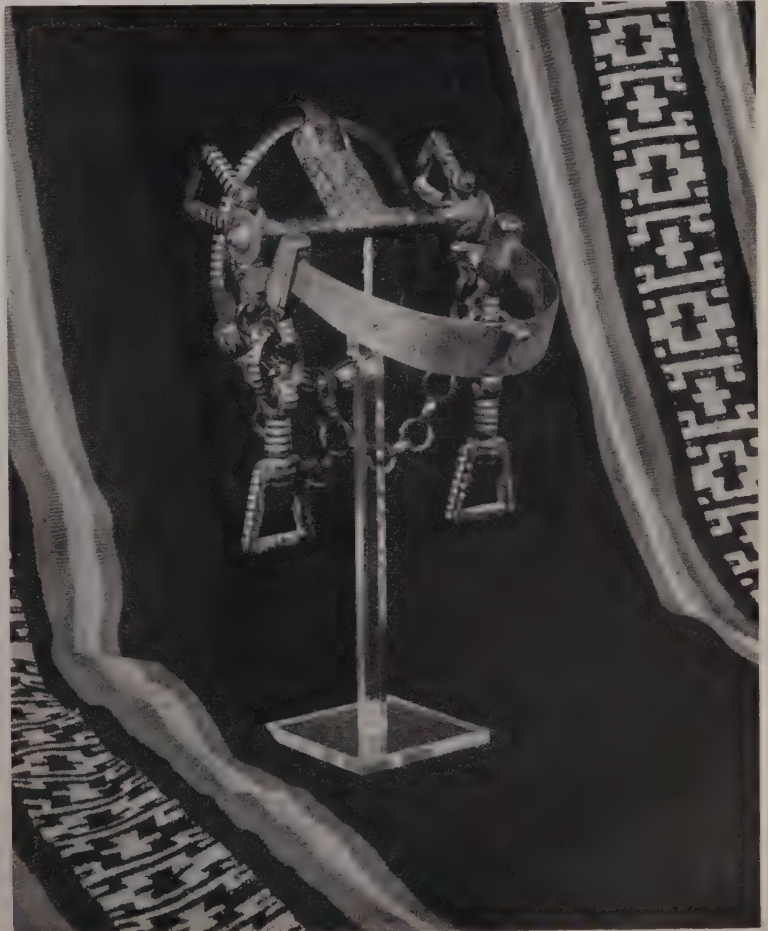
In the twinkling of an eye four of them are through the gate to the weighing-machine. The door clangs and the man

in charge of the scales cries the tally and weight, 2200 kilos. This is big weight for such young beasts, for it gives each steer a live weight of well over 1200 lb. The outer door of the machine swings open and the four steers run into another corral, while behind them another four are ready to be slipped in.

Meanwhile the fun is fast and furious, dust swirling, plaintive moos from the steers, and the ponies and cowboys doing their utmost to get the job done quickly and well. Provided it is not late in the day this milling of the animals in a close mass is considered beneficial, for they are hot and the friction rubs any loose hair from their coats.

Turning like cats in the throng, the ponies refuse to allow any stubborn steer to lose itself in the whirling mass of its fellows. It is hard work on the cowboys' legs, and without these bulky stirrups and steel-clad botas they might have their legs snapped, for the pressure of 250 fat beasts trying to evade five pairs of cowboys is tremendous. Once the chicote has clapped on its back the steer has no chance of escape, and is in the weighing enclosure before

A Chilean cowboy's bit for use in the corral. The steel hoop in front protects the horse's nose; an extension bar from the bit lies on his tongue; a ring suspended from this encircles his lower jaw; a pull on the curb presses the extension bar, restrained by the ring and turning on the point of balance, against the horse's upper jaw. The whole affair weighs 2½ lb



it knows what has happened.

By this time the weight may have dropped to 2150 kilos for four steers, but they are a grand level lot and the buyer is obviously pleased, for he will earn credit for procuring such a well-matched bunch of animals.

The 150 tally is cried out, the horses and riders pause for a moment. There is a nod, the gates open and the remaining hundred steers are gentled out of the corral back to their field, wondering what on earth it has all been about, while the cowboys ride off to their next job.

The larger calves have to be parted from their mothers, for they are almost weaned and only need a drop of milk to keep them going. Later, there are beasts to be moved from one field to another, oxen to collect for carting wood or flour; perhaps a round-up of one section of the hills, a long and heavy job, and a hundred and one things which have to be done to keep the complex farm running smoothly over its sixty square miles.

Just as a dry-fly fisherman takes trouble to find a rod which exactly suits him in his delicate sport, so does the cowboy go to infinite pains with his lasso, for perfection in his art requires great delicacy of touch and skill, and his flying rawhide noose must settle unerringly

round horns or neck, forelegs or hind legs of an animal galloping madly across a field laced with ditches, while he on his pony is moving just as fast over the same tricky ground.

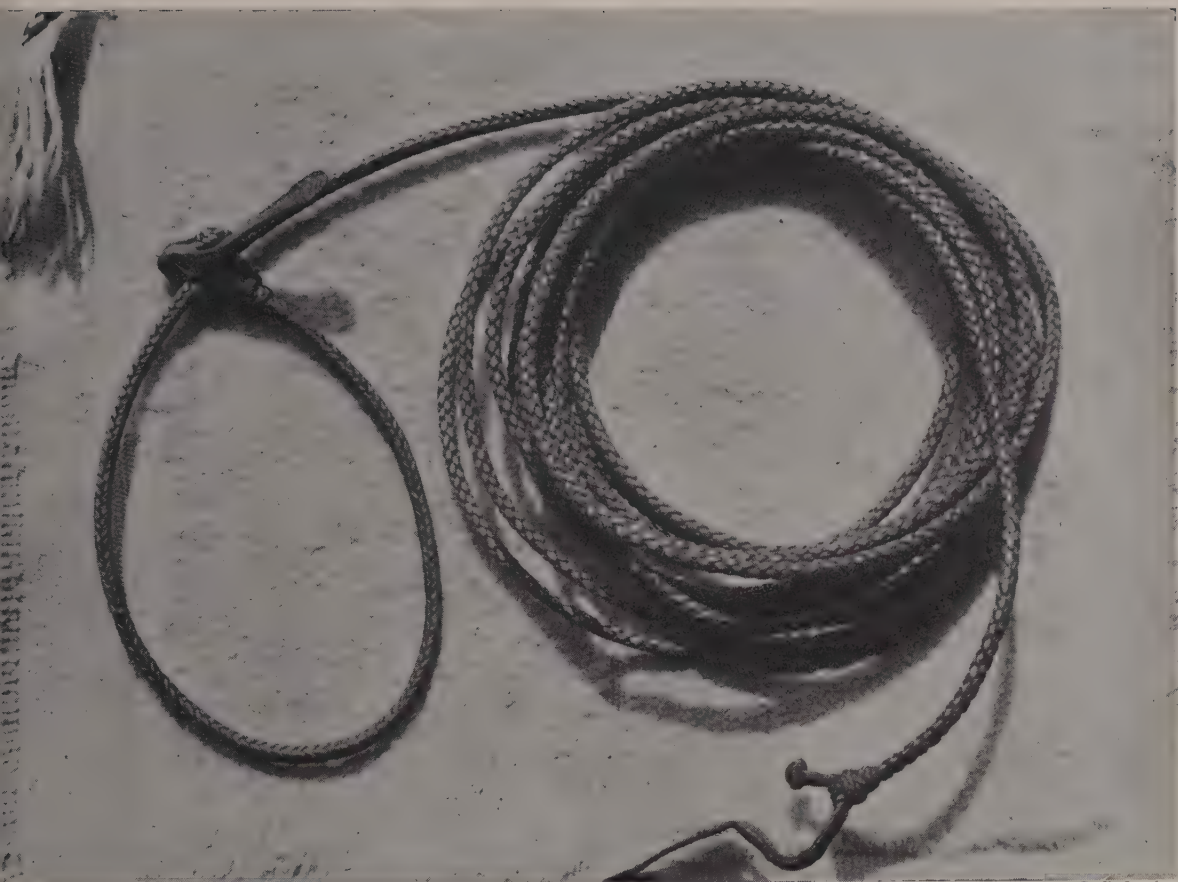
But unlike the fisherman who relies on the skill of others to produce the perfect tool, the cowboy makes his own. The hide of a beast, preferably killed in summer when the hair is short, is pegged out on the ground, hair downwards, and every scrap of flesh and fat is scraped away. It is then trimmed to a symmetrical outline and the cowboy starts cutting a strip, one inch or more wide according to the thickness of the hide, round the outside, following round and round until only a small portion of the skin remains in the middle. This is not quite as easy as it sounds, for like the line of the fly fisherman, the lasso is tapered towards each end to get the perfect balance for a throw.

One end of this long ribbon of hide is then attached to a convenient tree, and it is twisted with the hair inside to form a rawhide rope which is left under tension between two trees, while fat and milk are rubbed in over a long period until it becomes flexible and soft.

At this stage a leather Turk's-head button and quick-release thong is cunningly worked

A cattle round-up: with practised skill the cowboys guide the chosen steers into the main corral. Here the beasts are appraised, selected and edged through gates to adjoining corrals for weighing





C. J. Lambert

The patrones of Chilean farms have lassos made from strips of hairless bull-hide. With a Turk's-head button and quick-release thong, they are finely balanced and braided for spring and smartness

into each end. One of these is attached to the heavy ring of the saddle's cinch on the right side, and the other forms the running noose. These lassos though sixty feet long are light in weight, and they do not kink like a rope, possessing great spring owing to the twist in them, and the cushion of hair inside.

They are capable of throwing a heavy bull end over end at full gallop; the skill of the cowboy in throwing them is uncanny, for he has been practising on hen and dog, on brother and sister, since he started to toddle round the place as a baby.

Head men and *patrones* had braided lassos cut from a bull's hide. The ends were braided square, so that the noose could be found in a split second by feel alone. No hair is left on the inside of these, the braid giving all the spring which is required to ease that sudden jolting strain when the noose tightens round the legs of the quarry.

Apart from smartness there is no advantage in the braid, and making them was a lengthier process, for it involved several long narrow

thongs so that much skill was required to get the tension of the braid even.

One day I saw the tremendous spring concealed in these twisted lassos. Armine, my cousin, had misjudged his throw and had caught a bull round the body with his noose. It was a large animal, nearly a ton in weight, and Armine, a big heavy man on a heavily built pony, was galloping parallel to it with lasso trailing slack between them, hoping that the movements of its body would allow the noose to loosen and drop over its hindquarters. Suddenly, still galloping hard, the bull jinked round the opposite side of a thorn-tree, and before Armine could think what to do, the lasso tightened with a terrific jerk, snapping just where it had caught round the trunk.

There was a report like a gun being fired, and Armine's half of the lasso recoiled with the speed of light, striking him in a coil on his back and side, and raising a great black bruise the size of a washbasin. Armine was a sick and aching man for days afterwards, and was lucky to escape as lightly as he did.

Land Dyak Children

by MAUD GEDDES

With her husband, an anthropologist sent by the Colonial Office to study the Land Dyaks in Sarawak, Mrs Geddes spent six months in one of their villages. She thus had ample opportunity for observing the children of these amiable people. The accompanying photographs were taken by her husband

ON the island of Borneo live a number of racial groups. One of the largest of these, and among the earliest of its inhabitants, are the Land Dyaks. They are found mainly in West Borneo, but over 40,000 live in Sarawak along the upper reaches of the Sadong and Sarawak rivers. So far as the British Government is concerned, Land Dyaks are the least known of the different peoples of the colony. They live together in isolated villages, sometimes far up small streams, and have the reputation of being very shy, very reserved, and difficult to contact.

But matching their shyness and reserve—and this breaks down when one comes to know them well—is their mildness, their equanimity, and their humour. They do not lead comfortable lives. They are too insecure for that, too poor, and too subdued by their past defeats at the hands of the aggressive Sea Dyaks. Theirs is still the isolated and primitive existence they have known for many hundreds of years.

Land Dyak villages are most unprepossessing. Tapuh, where my husband and I lived, is drab and dirty in appearance, set on a slope beside a dark river. There is no colour apart from the dull green of the surrounding jungle and the dreary grey of the long-houses. A curious air of desolation hangs over the clearing, for the refuse and pieces of wood which lie everywhere have the appearance of driftwood, and the long-houses, raised off the ground by tall piles, look to the casual eye either badly damaged or unfinished.

Yet among these very dismal surroundings live the most charming children: small girls with long dark hair hanging loosely over their shoulders, oval faces and shy eyes; small boys with mischievous humorous faces like Murillo urchins. The small girls usually wear long black sarongs which almost touch the ground, and frame their faces with tiny pieces of jewellery: brass ear-rings and chains, coins, even rubber bands worn as bracelets. As they run with their short steps along the narrow tracks, or stand in silent groups, their arms round each other, they look for all the

world like a small, exquisite *corps-de-ballet*.

These children and their baby brothers and sisters are the most admired sections of the Land Dyak community. It seems characteristic of the Land Dyaks that parents should take the names of children, rather than, as with us, children the names of parents. Thus John, when he grows up, marries and becomes a parent, is renamed Father-of-Peter, and later, when he is a grandfather, Grandfather-of-James. A family's possessions, too, are named after the children. Thus a fruit tree may be called Jeni's fruit tree, although Jeni is only seven years old. It is further characteristic of Land Dyaks, who are democratic to the point of anarchy, that a man may be called after a child who is not in fact his own, nor related to him in any way.

Babies can be seen on the verandas of the long-houses all day. They are naked and usually rather dirty. As they are not encouraged to be independent from an early age, babyhood is prolonged into childhood, and they occupy a good deal of the adults' and children's time and attention. They do not leave the long-houses, even if it is merely to go down to the river to bathe, unless they are on someone's back.

Yet if babyhood is unduly prolonged, certain adult responsibilities come early, at least to small girls. Quite a lot of their day is occupied with different duties, and some of the work they do is of a heavy nature. Small girls must look after the fowls, feed the pigs, go out in boats to gather fruit and vegetables, and occasionally help in the paddy-fields. They also help the women gather firewood, and carry water from the river to the long-houses. The water is poured into bamboo water-containers which are tied in a bundle or put into a basket. The bundles or baskets go onto the small girls' backs, supported by a long piece of rattan vine which is worn round the forehead. They are really very heavy, but the small girls struggle across the clearing with them, up the slope to the long-houses, and harder still up the long-house steps. Their faces look very strained and worried but they do not seem to mind. Their



All photographs by W. R. Geddes

The headman of a Land Dyak village in Sarawak carrying one of his grandchildren. Since the women go out to work in the paddy-fields the men, especially the older ones, help to look after the babies



Land Dyak children enjoying one of their few organized games: the members of two teams try to run, untouched, through their rivals' squares



At an early age girls are accustomed to take part in household tasks. Here a little girl helps her mother by raking rice drying in the sun



When not helping their parents, small Land Dyak girls play energetically. The skill of these two as they shin up the smooth, branchless tree would be the envy of most Europeans of their age

A 'shopping' expedition from a jungle village paddles down the river in a canoe, the principal means of travel, to fetch the berries and leaves which are consumed as fruit and vegetables





Jeni, a charming ten-year-old, proudly flourishes a leaf-fan she has made. She is one of a family of four and often helps her mother out by acting as nursemaid to her younger sister



A Land Dyak child's equivalent of 'playing church' : the small boy, who loves to dance at every opportunity, has been caught going through the steps of one of the spirit medium's dances



A Land Dyak girl wears her jewellery while chopping sugar-cane, since this is not hard work. Her silver belt is made from old Dutch dollars

baskets of firewood are also very heavy, often of a height taller and broader than the small girls themselves. Another most exhausting operation is helping the women pound paddy, which again they often do. All the children suffer from malaria and are frequently ill, yet in spite of recurring fevers and the inadequacy of their diet (which consists mainly of rice) they are surprisingly active.

Boys sometimes help with the babies, especially if there is no girl in the family. Mostly, however, they play, though they often combine work and play. Fishing, for instance, or setting traps in the trees for squirrels, or shooting at birds with their catapults, or looking for snakes near the village. But the greater part of their day is spent in endless play: climbing trees, swimming in the river, flying kites, running about, playing a game that is not unlike Tom Tiddler's Ground. One strange amusement of theirs is dressing up in leaves, wearing leaf-hats, leaf-shoes tied with rattan, and crowning their hats with a flower or a piece of fern. At certain seasons they help with work done outside their paddy-fields, tapping rubber, for example, or gathering coffee berries and cutting sugar-cane. One of their few prescribed duties is beating drums to call spirits to their religious ceremonies and different boys take turns doing this.

The purpose of the Dyaks' religious ceremonies is generally to ask their ancestors and all good spirits to help them against bad spirits. Children sometimes take part in these ceremonies, too. On one occasion a small girl of eleven years of age went into a trance. Jabette, as she was called, and her two younger sisters, Artette and Sidinki, were asking in this ceremony for good health and a long life. The three sisters were first run up and down the long-house veranda, and then spun round and round by the older women. Jabette suddenly lost consciousness and fell into a faint. During this faint she imagined her soul was journeying to the afterworld to see her guardian spirits who live on the top of a mountain. Then two Dyak men played soft notes on a bamboo flute in her ear. In her trance she believed that she had joined her guardian spirits on the mountain at dawn, and was helping to call their hens to come and be fed. She slowly raised her arms, moving her fingers in a beckoning way to call the fowls nearer. Up and up her arms went until they reached her face; whereupon she started up, awake from her trance. Jabette is a very quiet little girl, and it was most surprising that this

should have happened to her.

Another ceremony in which the children take part is really a game. It is supposed to bring good luck in the coming year's hunting and fishing, and the idea is to imitate the way a good catch is made. All the children sit together on mats and the older people surround them, their hands joined so as to make a complete ring round the children. The children are supposed to be fish in the river, and the grown-ups the net which is put there to catch them. When a signal is given, all the children jump up and try to dive out beneath the arms of the grown-ups. If a child is caught, he or she is carried along the veranda and laid out, side by side with others who are caught, on a mat, the way fish are taken out of a net. When all the children are laid out together, they may then get up, and the last thing they have to do is to give the grown-ups who formed the net a green leaf, for this represents a fish, a share in the catch of the net. Later on, everyone plays another game in which the children pretend to be wild pigs hunted by their fathers in the forest.

This game is a good example of the harmonious relations that exist between parents and children. Discipline is by no means strict yet the children are very well behaved: so well behaved that in the whole six months I was there, and I was with the children constantly, I observed only three instances of disobedience and these of a very trivial kind. One reason for this I am sure is that, compared with European children, the Dyak children develop slowly during the first years, and even after that time have less to learn than children of our own more complex civilization. They do not, for instance, have to learn to sit up at a table and eat with a knife and fork, since there are no tables and no knives and forks. They have therefore less to protest against, and there are fewer occasions for conflict with parental authority.

Another reason for the good behaviour of the children lies in the behaviour of the adults, which sets the pattern for them to follow. The Land Dyak community is a classless one, with leadership reduced to a minimum, and the ultimate sanction for crime lies only in the disapproval of public opinion. Yet few examples of violent behaviour occur and there is little to disturb the quiet succession of ordinary everyday events. The pity is that their society is not at the same time a more efficient one, and that these charming children must inevitably face poverty and hardship.

The Food Markets of London

by DEREK PEEL

The proposal to decentralize London's food markets is one of which, sooner or later, we are likely to hear more. Mr Peel shows how intimately their history is connected with the city's development

In July 1950, we were told that the Government was considering a proposal to close the immense Smithfield meat market in London. To avoid the hardships that come with frequent strikes, there was a plan to divide the functions of the market—which feeds most of metropolitan London—among smaller depots in the suburbs.

About the same time the Food Minister told Londoners that a full examination was being made of all their markets—Billingsgate, Leadenhall, Covent Garden, and others—“with a view” to better distribution of

fish, fowl and vegetables.

More than a year has passed and the Ministry has recently decided that there “is no present intention” of closing Smithfield. The other plans are also, apparently, roosting in a pigeon-hole in Whitehall.

The old food markets of London have survived similar threats of change in the past. More than a century ago, Smithfield—then a livestock market—had become notorious because of its horrors, and an enterprising citizen built a costly, efficient cattle market near Essex Road in Islington. He wished to

Bartholomew Fair, from a fan painted in 1721. This annual adjunct of Smithfield market was held from 1133 to 1855 and beginning with cloth sales came to include sideshows, jugglers and acrobats





British Museum

Georgian Covent Garden, looking north. The market is well established but the square is still almost as Inigo Jones designed it in 1634, except for the house in the north-west corner, built about 1704 for Admiral Russell, victor of La Hogue. Now only this and the church remain

save the animals from the cruelties they endured at Smithfield, and to guard his fellow-citizens from the filth and bedlam caused by herds being driven through the narrow old streets. But Londoners are stubbornly loyal to old institutions—they are a little like the man who, on listening to arguments in favour of the electric chair, answered: “Hanging was good enough for my father. It is good enough for me.” The new meat market failed and, although there came a time when the actual slaughtering was done elsewhere, Smithfield survived, as a dead-meat market, and the reformer had to pocket his losses and admit that the “popular approval of old abuses” was too strong for him.

The fact that the plans for change have been put aside pleases everyone who is sentimental about “old London”, but there is no doubt that the markets are obsolete. The word “obsolete” has a cruel sound and it

has no patience with history. And the markets of London were the beginning of its commercial history, for the city grew up around them, as simply as any village that spreads out from its market square.

The origin of Billingsgate, the oldest of the London markets, lies in a vague, romantic legend. In the 5th century B.C. the British king, Belinus Magnus, father of King Lud, erected a watergate through which the ships from the Thames could reach the walled city. He also built a wharf and he graced the new enterprise with his own name.

Belinus’s Gate must have been very important to those rugged traders 2400 years ago. The name of the site changed through the centuries, but it remained a centre for trade, and there are records of customs dues being paid at “Blynegate” in the year 979, by order of Ethelred the Unready. In the time of Edward III, Billingsgate had become what it is now—the principal fish market in



photographs by Philip Boucas

Billingsgate Market, which stands close to Wren's Monument to the Fire of London, is unmistakable, for its fishlike smell is certainly very ancient. It has been since the 14th century the most important fish market in England. Though its present buildings are mid-Victorian the connections of some fish-merchants with Billingsgate go back two centuries or more and its many traditions—



—including that of unparliamentary language go back even further. Today the busy streets in its neighbourhood are thronged with porters, barrows and dealers and all the bustle of business life to be expected in the principal trading-centre of its kind. The market no longer faces the Thames but the influence of the river is felt everywhere; at the end of each cobbled sidestreets can be seen wharfside cranes or steamers' funnels

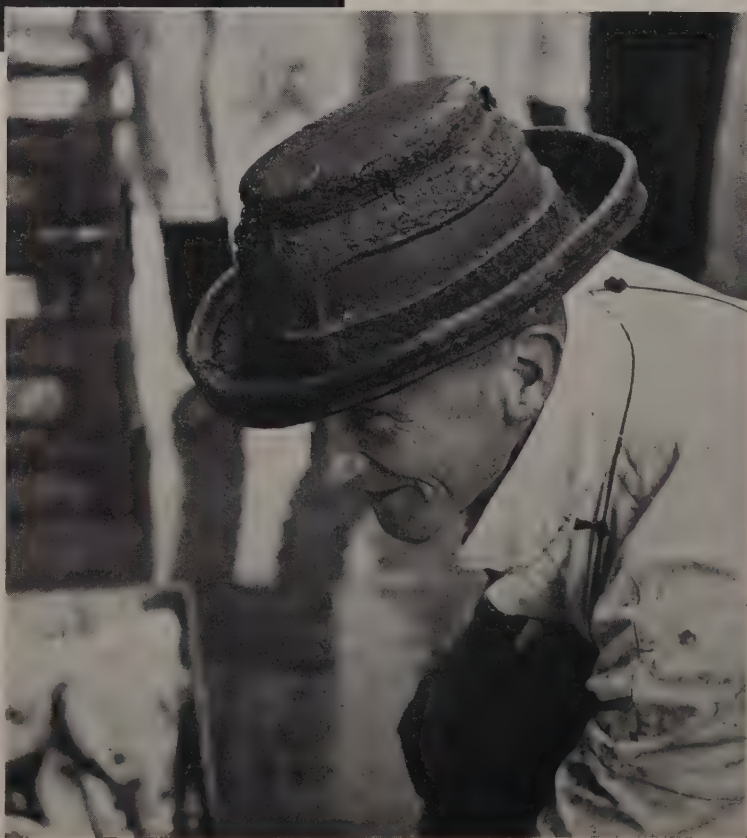


At one time much of Billingsgate's fish was caught in the Thames which runs beside it ; now it comes by road or rail from as far away as Aberdeen, over 500 miles from London



Inside the covered market at Billingsgate every variety of fish, from the oyster down to cod, is on sale. Unlike the porters, the salesmen wear the traditional fishmonger's straw boater or even quite ordinary hats, but the headgear that—

—is most characteristic of Billingsgate is the porters' hard leather flat-topped hat. On this they are able to carry heavy loads of boxes of fish packed in ice, and there is a convenient gutter-like brim to prevent the drips from running down their faces and necks



As Billingsgate is to fish so Smithfield is to meat, though its history as a meat market dates back only to the 17th century. Before that joustings, executions and horse sales and such annual junketings as Bartholomew Fair—



—were held there. It was not till 1868 that it began to be used exclusively as a dead-meat market. Now, so long as meat is rationed, it is under the control of the Minister of Food, and meat is allotted to butchers by the London Wholesale Meat Traders Association



The flower market, Covent Garden. Today the handsome open square seen in the 18th-century print on page 453 is filled with a maze of huge buildings and the fruit, vegetable and flower market, which was started when Charles II granted the right to hold it to the Bedford family, has grown to such immense proportions that all traffic in the vicinity is impeded and it may have to be moved



Appropriately looking like a vast conservatory the Floral Hall at Covent Garden rivals the Royal Opera House next door, whose patrons thread their way to the stalls between stacks of boxed tomatoes. But in spite of its name and appearance it is a fruit market: the flower market is across the square. Vegetables and fruit are sold in the other buildings in and around the square

England. It was then possible to buy mackerel for a halfpenny each and a whole gallon of oysters for twopence. Much of the fish, including salmon, came from the Thames, until the waters were polluted by the factories and gasworks built along the banks in the last century.

The present building at Billingsgate, dated 1877, is not very romantic in itself. You would not conjure up a picture of old Belinus Magnus as you approach the sprawling mid-Victorian structure, which smells like the essence of all the sea-beds of the world. But the romance is there, as you thread your way by Fish Street Hill, where the first fishmongers had their homes and shops. The romance is helped by the adjectives of "shameless Billingsgate", which either shock the visitor or make him feel that he must be back in lusty Elizabethan England.

Unfortunately Billingsgate has turned its

back on the river: the unloading ramp above the slow, oily water of the Lower Thames is no longer used. Nowadays the fish is brought from the ports by road—with the salt tang of Lowestoft, Hull, Grimsby and Loch Fyne oozing from the boxes.

Within the smelly, busy market, the names of the traders over the stalls—Lascelles, Allengame, Jocylene, Lefebvre—suggest that here survives an aristocracy of fish-merchants whose great-grandfathers were concerned in harvesting the seas. Some of the traders are descended from merchants who came from Denmark, Holland or Belgium in the 1700s; and there are good names like Forge, Goldham, Grove and Lynn: the Percys, Cecils and Cavendishes of this ancient trade.

Smithfield, as a market, has lost this personal, intimate charm: it houses the ogre of big business. But its story has quickened the pen of many writers. Leave the red brick façade of the actual market, cross the square,

and walk within the ancient walls of the beautiful little Priory Church of St Bartholomew the Great. Here, in the shadows of the choir, our search into the history of Smithfield begins.

The light filters through the high windows and catches the clasped hands and forehead of the marble effigy of a recumbent monk. This is the tomb of Rahere—"a pleasant-witted gentleman . . . in his time called the King's minstrel"—who renounced his frivolous life at the Court of King Henry I, and took holy orders.

In Norman times, the land on which the church stands was a big open meadow, called "Smoothfield"; and here, almost a thousand years ago, the people of London gathered to trade in stuffs and livestock. The market belonged to the King, but he was to lose its revenues to the Church—through the shrewdness and foresight of Rahere. Whilst the monk was on a pilgrimage to Rome he was stricken with a fever and he vowed, should he recover, that he would found a hospital on his return to England. He came home in 1123 and told King Henry of a dream in which St Bartholomew had appeared, commanding him to build not only the hospital, but also a church,



Women are rarely seen in London's great markets, with one exception: the flower market of Covent Garden, where many of the wholesalers as well as retail buyers are women

near by. The Priory Church and St Bartholomew's Hospital stand today as proof that King Henry was persuaded to hand over his valuable property to the priest.

Rahere obtained one other important concession: the charter authorizing the annual "Bartholomew Fair". The fairs, which were held on "Smoothfield", were an attraction until as late as the 1850s; and we have continuous references to their character, of which the best-known is in Ben Jonson's famous play, *Bartholomew Fair*, revived by the Old Vic Company at the Edinburgh Festival in 1950. Of the many records of jousts, wrestling-matches, side-shows, wild beasts, and the coarse hurly-burly of the fairs, perhaps the most vivid is that of a visitor to London in the early 18th century:

I was at Bartholomew-fair: coming out, I met a man who would have taken off my hat; but I secured it, and was going to draw my sword, crying out—"Begar!" "Damned Rogue!" "Morbleu!" &c., when on a sudden I had a hundred people about me crying—"Here, Monsieur, see Jephthah's Rash Vow."—"Here, Monsieur, see the tall Dutchwoman."—"See the Tiger!" says another.—"See the Horse and no Horse, whose tail stands where his head should do."—"See the German Artist, Monsieur."

There is a curious theme of savage behaviour through all the story of this ancient corner of London. Sir William Wallace, the national hero of Scotland, was hanged, disembowelled, beheaded and quartered at Smithfield in 1305. It was here also, during the Peasants' Revolt of 1381, that Wat Tyler was slain by the Lord Mayor, Sir William Walworth. In memory of this deed Walworth caused a dagger to be added to the Arms of the City of London.

Crime and punishment were equally severe; and the "Court of Pie Poudre" (the Court of Dusty Feet)—presided over by the Prior of St Bartholomew's to deal with crimes at the fairs—showed little mercy or patience to offenders. Those convicted were exposed, without delay, to public torture and flogging. Religious persecution, too, was popular: the reign of "Bloody" Mary, 1553-1558, saw more than two hundred "heretics" burned alive in Smithfield.

Through the years men became more tolerant of their fellows and the whippings and burnings at Smithfield ceased. But another form of cruelty survived. In 1615 the meat traders had organized a market at Smithfield and, for two-and-a-half centuries, they caused a scandal with the suffering they

inflicted on their animals. In 1868, the authorities were so disgusted with these conditions that they built a live-cattle market, with slaughter-houses, beyond the City boundaries. From this time the killing of beasts was sternly supervised and Smithfield was rebuilt and used only as a market for dead meat.

Perhaps the most friendly of London's markets is Leadenhall, in the heart of the City. The origin of the name, unchanged for over 650 years, is simple enough. At the beginning of the 14th century "La Ledenhalle in Garscherche Street" was a mansion, the hall of which was roofed entirely with lead—a novelty at that time. The owner of the leaden hall, Sir Hugh Neville, allowed the surrounding ground to be used as a private market, which it remained until the time of Sir Richard Whittington's celebrated achievements as Lord Mayor of London. "Dick" Whittington acquired the manor for the City Corporation; but it was not until 1445—more than twenty years after his death—that Leadenhall was converted to serve as one of London's leading markets.

There was a civic conscience, as well as a desire for profit, in the early merchants; and one of their duties was to store grain, in case of famine. John Stow, the 16th-century chronicler, recalls this in his description of the famine of 1512: "when the Carts of Stratford came laden with bread to the Citie . . . one man was readie to destroy an other, in striuing to bee serued for their money: but this scarcitie lasted not long: for the Maior in short time made such prouision for Wheat . . . and stored it vp in Leaden hall, and other garners of the Citie."

Although a big feature of the market in Stow's time was the sale of wool, Leadenhall has always been famous for meat and poultry. By the time of Charles II it was a flourishing shopping-centre and there is a record of the Spanish Ambassador remarking to the King: "There is more meat sold in your market than in all the Kingdom of Spain."

Leadenhall escaped the Great Fire of 1666, and the present market, extended in 1881, became the biggest retail poultry and game market in London. Mr W. J. Passingham, in his book, *London's Markets*, tells us that "to realize the importance of Leadenhall market" we must go there at Christmas time, when "the fronts of the shops are obscured by vast numbers of turkeys, geese and chickens, all decorated with coloured ribbons and suspended from hooks, while the



Leadenhall, right among the banking-houses of the City, is a poultry and meat market. Though the glory of its displays of turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens and game—especially around Christmas time—is now somewhat dimmed and sights such as that shown in this picture are rare, Leadenhall remains the London market that most closely attains the atmosphere of Les Halles in Paris. It is here, one feels, that the rich ingredients are to be found by legions of cunning cooks for aldermanic banquets

avenues of the market are made almost impassable by truck-loads of the same merchandise. . . . With the approach of the festive season Leadenhall market takes on a character and atmosphere all its own, and thousands of birds are disposed of—amid scenes of lively conversation and jovial salesmanship—to city men who make a regular ritual of buying Christmas dinner themselves.”

Few people living outside the capital city of England realize that it is in fact *two* cities: one, the City of London; the other, the City of Westminster. We have looked at Billingsgate, Smithfield and Leadenhall markets, all closely linked with the development of London: we might now cross into the City of Westminster, to Covent Garden, the most famous vegetable, fruit and flower market in the world.

The name “Covent” is a corruption of the Latin *conventus*, or, more exactly, the French *couvent*. Some historians claim that the market is on the site of the garden of St Peter’s convent and monastery; but that there was actually any building here is disputed. Undoubtedly there was a garden, and it is believed that, as early as the 13th century, the monks of Westminster used it as their burial ground.

There was little change in the ‘Garden’ until after the dissolution of the monasteries, when the land reverted to the Crown. John Strype, the historian, records that, in 1552, King Edward VI “granted to John, Earl of Bedford . . . Covent Garden, lying in the parish of St Martin’s in the Fields, next Charing-cross, with seven acres called Long Acre, of the yearly value of £6.6.8 . . .” A cheap rent indeed, for within a hundred years Covent Garden was to become one of London’s most fashionable quarters.

Early in the 17th century, Inigo Jones was commissioned to build a square, a piazza and a church. The piazza was, in effect, an arcade, which bounded the square on its north and east sides; to the south lay Bedford House and a “small grotto of trees most pleasant in the summer season”; and the church of St Paul completed the west of the square.

Both the piazza and the square deserve further mention, because of their associations with some of the most famous characters in London’s history. The piazza, with its stone pilasters on a red brick frontage, was erected in 1634, and much admired: its fine houses became the homes of many well-known poets, painters, actors and play-

wrights; and the inns and coffee-houses near by were frequently the scene of their riotous feasts. The church, built probably a year before the piazza, was a good, solid structure, though some complained that its roof resembled that of a barn. Horace Walpole told an amusing story in support of this: “When the Earl of Bedford sent for Inigo, he told him that he wanted a chapel for the parishioners of Covent Garden, but he added that he would not go to any considerable expense; ‘In short,’ said he, ‘I would not have it much better than a barn.’ ‘Well! then,’ replied Jones, ‘you shall have the handsomest barn in England.’”

When Charles II granted the Bedford family the right to establish and maintain a market near the piazza, there was considerable opposition from the residents. Nevertheless a small market was opened, for fruit, vegetables and flowers.

The market grew and soon covered a broad, busy area. In the early 18th century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Hogarth, Fielding, Dr Johnson and Garrick were familiar figures, making their way to the neighbouring eating-houses and wine-cellars, between the crowded vegetable- and fruit-stalls. Later in the century, part of Inigo Jones’s piazza was destroyed by fire, and in 1795 his “handsomest barn in England” was also burned down. The church was rebuilt as we see it today and has survived the bombing of two wars.

So Covent Garden remains: a picturesque nuisance, jamming the streets about the Royal Opera House and the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane; causing several acres of noisy chaos that makes polite traffic impossible during the greater part of the day and night. The sight of big trays of daffodils and hyacinths, carried on the heads of cheeky Cockney porters, is not compensation enough for the irate driver when he is held up by the congestion of lorries, stalls and trolleys. He agrees that 8,000,000 people can no longer be efficiently served by these old, cramped markets; that perhaps the time has come for their functions to be spread over Greater London.

If the Government plans are brought out again from their pigeon-holes, to be examined and, in their own language, “put into effect”, then we must weep for the passing of Billingsgate, Smithfield, Leadenhall, Covent Garden, and the others. The markets have been the great shops of a great city: they helped to make London into the most prosperous trading-centre of the world.

Trieste: International City

by LOVETT F. EDWARDS

One of the most important problems left over from World War II and still unresolved is the status of Trieste. It is essentially a problem of geographical relationships: political, racial, economic and strategic. Recent statements by the Italian Prime Minister and the Yugoslav Foreign Minister show that the rival claimants to the city are now becoming more ready to negotiate a solution. Mr Edwards, who was for many years a correspondent in Eastern Europe, analyses the factors involved

FOR about two years after the war I had an apartment overlooking the central square of Belgrade, the Terazije. It was the recognized centre for political demonstrations. At fairly frequent intervals, I would find all traffic stopped below my windows and the vast square filled with parading shouting demonstrators alternating national songs and dances with chanted political slogans. They would be stamped out by hundreds of enthusiasts in that slow measured cadence for which a new technical term has been invented in the 'peoples' democracies' of eastern Europe.

One of the most frequent of these slogans was: "Život damo, Trst ne damo" (Our lives we give, Trieste we do not give).

Slogans such as this are distributed to the demonstrators before the meeting. Lest they forget or omit them, there are 'agit-prop' men and secret-police spies mingled with the crowd. Also their forgetfulness is reproved by banners sometimes ten or fifteen feet long carried on staves by stalwart enthusiasts. In every case they are carefully checked and selected in accord with government policy. It is not too hard to forecast government policy by their choice and the emphasis laid on them. The mass enthusiasm is sometimes immense, but there is nothing whatever spontaneous, as is sometimes claimed, about these demonstrations.

To the average visitor, not familiar with the details of post-war European politics, this particular slogan might appear somewhat unusual. For Trieste has never been Yugoslav to give, save for about forty days of irregular military occupation towards the end of the war, a period to which the peaceful citizens of that city still look back with a feeling of terror as at a recent nightmare. Yet the question of Trieste has, ever since the war, poisoned Italo-Yugoslav relations and prevented sincere agreement between two states which, though usually politically hostile, are economically complementary.

It is only fair to state, however, that Trieste has only for a very short time been

politically Italian either. Throughout its extremely long history—it was the Roman city of Tergeste and probably existed even before that date—Trieste has only formed part of an Italian state between the two world wars. For most of its existence, the city has had a semi-autonomous status, attached first to one of the local signories and later to the Hapsburg monarchy.

Both peoples at present claim it on many grounds. The Trieste dispute is founded partly on ethnic, partly on economic, partly on strategic and very largely on sentimental grounds. From all these viewpoints, both sides have a strong case.

The approach to Trieste from Venice, which is the way most European visitors come, is exceedingly dramatic. After the long, dull transit of the featureless Venetian plain, the Simplon-Orient express climbs upwards through a series of galleries cut in the soft porous limestone until finally one looks down from a considerable height over the luxurious gardens of Miramar, with the ornate palace, whence the ill-fated Maximilian set off to his death in Mexico, dramatically placed on a rocky peninsula extending into the vivid blue of the Gulf of Trieste. In a minute or so, the line brings one in sight of the port and city of Trieste.

The city is at the head of the gulf, the most northerly point of the Mediterranean. This fact is of importance. Seen on the map, the Adriatic seems like a spear pointed straight towards the heart of Central Europe, with Trieste at its head. This feeling of impact is heightened by the appearance of the city itself, which is built in an amphitheatre of hills connected with its unseen hinterland by winding motor roads that stand out like white ribbons against the green of its gardens.

Already one is in a different land. This is the beginning of the *karst*, a region of small infertile fields and bare limestone hills, which stretches southward through Istria into Dalmatia and Albania. Here, the rivers sink far below the level of the soil and wind

their way through subterranean channels visible on the surface only by gaping ghylls known locally as *foibe*. In the troubled days of 1944-5, each side accused the other of using these *foibe* as convenient means of getting rid of political undesirables.

For much of its long history Trieste has been a free city, with an international colour and a varying degree of local autonomy. It lay, for example, outside the Austrian customs barrier. This history is reflected in the city itself which is baroque in architecture, like a half-way house between Italy and Austria which, indeed, it is. At the time of its greatest development, under the Hapsburg monarchy, it was the main Mediterranean port of Central Europe and, in one form or another, that would seem to be once again its economic destiny, though present controversy and the 'cold war' may delay such a settlement for many years.

In Hapsburg times Italian was adopted as the *lingua franca* of Trieste. It was the language of the majority and, besides, it was Hapsburg policy to encourage Italian throughout all Istria and even Dalmatia where practically all the inhabitants were Slavs. Relaxation of customs barriers and favourable facilities for shipping made of Trieste an international mart; even today many of the oldest Triestino families are Serb, Greek, Jewish or Armenian in origin and, if one asks their nationality,

they are apt to reply quite simply: "*Sono Triestino*." Fascism frowned upon this local patriotism but could not subdue it.

Once again today Trieste is supposed to be under an autonomous regime with international control, but, owing to the dissensions between the major allies, this has never been put into practice. In actual fact, it is under an Anglo-American military government. Its hinterland has been divided between this government (Zone A) and Yugoslavia, the Yugoslavs getting the larger area (Zone B) on ethnic grounds.

I have said that the Trieste question is based on ethnic, economic, strategic and sentimental grounds. In practice these are inextricably intertwined. There would be little profit trying to unravel them in a single article. Even before the Cominform decree of 1948 banning Yugoslavia from the rest of the Communist world, the ethnic, national and ideological trends were frequently at loggerheads. Broadly speaking, the Slavs and Italians each supported union with their mother-country, but large numbers of Italian Communists supported a Slav solution for ideological reasons, while many of the more solid Slav citizens, perhaps remembering the excesses of 'the forty days' and suspicious of Tito's intentions, sided with the Italians. A number of smaller groups, conscious of the past history and civic



A. J. Thornton



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Trieste, as a port of movement for Axis supplies, suffered heavy Allied bombing during the war: (above) the Muggia roadstead became a graveyard of Italian ships. Therefore the people of the city welcomed (below) the Allied occupation and the period of stable government that followed

Keystone



pride of their city, upheld various forms of autonomy for Trieste itself and even for the whole of Istria.

After the Cominform decree these cross-currents became even more intricate. The Italian Communists took the line of orthodox Stalinism and rejected the heretic Tito. The Slav Communists, on the other hand, supported him. The middle classes began to think that Tito was perhaps not so bad after all, though their misgivings were being constantly reawakened by the flow of refugees across the frontier, which still continues. The local Anglo-American troops naturally took no overt part in local politics at all; but the uncooperative and uncompromising attitude of the Yugoslavs, both inside and outside the city, naturally inclined them to favour the Italians, who were the only people they ever got to know personally and certainly the only people who ever offered them sympathy and hospitality. After Tito's political *volte-face*, however, the Yugoslavs have become more friendly, and last summer the soldiers were able to visit the beaches in the Yugoslav zone, where they have been treated as welcome visitors. Despite the continued mud-slinging in the press, particularly the Italian press, there seems a growing possibility of an international solution of some sort.

Several attempts have been made to define the ethnic frontiers of Venezia Giulia, of which Trieste is the principal city. None of them has been fully approved either by the Italians or the Yugoslavs. I accompanied the International Boundary Commission of March 1946, whose decisions have already been revised. Whatever I say about it will certainly be contested by the professional propagandists of both sides, the more so as the balance between the two peoples in the whole area, though not so much in the city of Trieste itself, has materially altered in recent years.

Incidentally, as soon as the Commission had passed into Yugoslav-administered territory, the technique of demonstrations was put into operation on a grand scale. While in the Trieste area, it had refused all interviews and statements and had kept its movements strictly secret. Once across the frontier, the Yugoslavs at once advised us of their every move and gave us official cars to accompany them. Their so-called secret journeys became triumphal processions and they were met with songs, banners, flowers and chanted slogans. Despite the prohibition of publicity, the members of the Commission had to enter their suite at the Hotel Moskva



A. J. Thornton

(formerly Grande Albergo and now, doubtless, something else) at Opatija (Abbazia) through a cordon of young beauties in national costume and a barrage of press-photographers and cinema cameras.

That these demonstrations were elaborately organized does not mean they were not genuinely enthusiastic. The Slav peasants had no cause to love the Italians and looked on the Commission as their liberators.

But there was a comic side. On one occasion the Yugoslav Press Bureau tipped off the international press that the Commission was on its way to Labin (Albona). We set off and arrived there before it. The central square was already a mass of national costumes and political slogans. Hours passed and the Commission did not appear. Finally it was discovered they had been delayed *en route*. But the enthusiastic townspeople were not to be baulked of their fun. The demonstration was duly held for our somewhat cynical approval, with songs, chanting and dancing, while afterwards we had an excellent banquet prepared for the Commission.

As the only Slav speaker, I had to make the speeches of thanks, a most delicate diplomatic assignment.

In the end, the Commission did not make a satisfactory ethnic division. I doubt if

anyone could satisfy both sides.

With these provisos, however, one can say fairly that the city of Trieste is mainly Italian, or at least Triestino. Italian is the language that one hears mainly in the streets, though under Allied administration Slovene is also an official language and newspapers are published in both languages. The majority of the inhabitants are vastly proud of their "*italianità*", which is not necessarily a political term. The suburbs are mixed; the surrounding villages mainly Slav (there is little object in distinguishing between Croat and Slovene). The larger coastal towns had an Italian majority; the inland towns a Slav majority.

Many persons are bilingual and if they speak more freely to the visitor in Italian it is because they expect to be more easily understood. Speaking both languages, I found myself more welcome in the villages when speaking Slav.

A rough rule is that anyone speaking Slav (Slovene or Croat) is Slav. All Istrian Slavs speak Italian also. An Istrian Italian with

more than half-a-dozen words of Croat or Slovene is rare. Frequently one comes across a curious *patois* of the two languages, known as *schiavetto*.

I have said that the national balance in the territory has recently been materially altered. This is chiefly due to the large-scale exodus of Italians from the coastal towns after they came under Yugoslav rule. In the case of Pola this exodus was of enormous dimensions; it is estimated that more than two-thirds of the inhabitants left the city. With them they took everything movable, household goods, office equipment, machinery and even door and window fittings, so that when the Yugoslav troops entered Pola (now Pulj) it looked as if it had been devastated by war or desolated by the plague.

But to return to the city of Trieste itself. It has prospered considerably under the Allied Military Government. The shops are full of goods and the markets of food. To the correspondents working in the Communist countries, it was a land of plenty and, from time to time, we would seek excuses to go

In 1945 Trieste passed into Allied, its hinterland into Yugoslav hands. Pola, a mainly Italian city, was then evacuated by two-thirds of its inhabitants, who took with them everything movable

ystone





Pictorial P

Traffic between the two zones is strictly controlled and the people of the neighbouring countryside, mostly Slavs, are hampered in their desire to visit Trieste and enjoy its relative plenty

there in order to replenish our wardrobes and our larders. There was seldom any difficulty in finding excuses, for rival political demonstrations were almost a daily occurrence and not infrequently the two factions clashed and demonstrations became riots. The only cause that seemed for a moment to unite them was their common dislike of the hard-worked Giulian police whose white helmets earned them the nickname of "cerini" (wax matches).

At least four police organizations were working in the city, either legally or illegally, and at one time kidnapping was a flourishing industry; usually the victims were Yugoslav refugees who were hurried back quickly and efficiently across the border. The Yugoslav political headquarters at No. 6, Via Carducci, was looked upon as a place of dread and secrecy; apart from Yugoslav officials and one or two favoured pressmen few persons cared to enter.

Conditions are now somewhat easier and the Yugoslav frontier is no longer hermetically sealed, at least to foreigners who do not know the language, but the feeling of tension still persists and is supported by a series of whispering-campaigns of great virulence and effi-

ency. The disparity between the comparative plenty in Trieste and its neighbourhood and the lack of food and household goods further east was shown in August 1950 when about 5000 peasants from all parts of Slovenia assembled at the frontier post of Gorizia, pushed past the guards and forced their way into the city. A second, larger, wave of about 10,000 was turned back by Yugoslav police. It seems that this demonstration, which really was spontaneous, had no political object but was simply due to the desire of thousands of people to buy such things as bread, sugar, coffee, wine, brooms, needles, medicines or other things either unobtainable in their own country or in very short supply.

The Times' correspondent writing of the incident remarked: "Men and women roamed the streets with an expression of joy on their faces reminiscent of the end of the war; after years of privation conditions at last were returning to normal. Women with empty suitcases, bundles and baskets surged into the shopping centre, where shopkeepers seized their opportunity and opened their shops, though it was Sunday."

It was with similar feelings that we cor-



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One of the least pleasant duties of the Allied military forces and mixed police in Trieste is the prevention of disorder resulting from rival demonstrations between the several parties competing for political control (Above) American military police in the streets of Trieste after an 'incident' between Italians and Yugoslavs (Below) The demonstration, with "songs, chanting and dancing", at Albona, which is mentioned on page 46



Lovett F. Edwards



Keystone

*Allied troops off duty: while
(above) the Briton can taste
some of the joys of home life,
(right) the American must do
his best with local resources*



Keystone

respondents made our smaller periodic raids on the richer city of Trieste.

There are now, however, many signs that the violence of Italo-Yugoslav dissensions may end in a compromise, or perhaps an international solution somewhat similar to that reached in the case of that other great international Mediterranean port, Salonica, and, for the region around, based upon the *status quo*.

For, economically, Trieste is not an Italian port but a port of Central Europe and if the city is ever going to prosper again as it did in Austro-Hungarian days this must be taken into consideration. Its present prosperity, based on copious injections of E.C.A. funds, is temporary and therefore precarious. Until the cold war is ended, Central Europe for all practical purposes as far as Trieste is concerned means Austria and Yugoslavia alone; especially the latter.

Even Italian statistics show that Trieste lived mainly on its transit trade. Venice is far too serious a rival in the Italian market, for supplying which Trieste is placed about as awkwardly as possible. On the other hand, Austria has no outlet on the Mediterranean, while the Yugoslav ports are small, seriously damaged by the war and with very difficult rail communications. Incidentally, the planned destruction of Trieste by the Germans was stopped in time, while the parallel destruction of Rijeka (Fiume) was carried out with deadly efficiency. Any visitor may discover this for himself by comparing the main international railway line, that of the Simplon-Orient, from Trieste to Ljubljana, Zagreb, Belgrade and Niš with the slow and toilsome ascent from Rijeka, Trieste's main Yugoslav rival.

It is noteworthy that during UNRRA's work in Yugoslavia, Trieste was the main port of entry and Yugoslav requests for an independent share in the port facilities were often justified by the ravages of the "*spiombatori*". This word, new as far as I know to the Italian language, means someone who removed the lead seals (*piombi*) from UNRRA wagons, extracted and sold the contents on the Trieste black market, and then replaced the seals.

Strategically the Trieste area is also of great importance, as has been shown in two world wars. It is not necessary to dwell too heavily on this; suffice it to say that the Istrian mountains dominate the entrances to the Lombard Plain on the west and the valley of the Sava to the east. Both routes have been followed by invading armies within the memory of man.

There remain the imponderables, probably the most difficult of all to define, but which have dominated the dispute since the end of the war. It is only during the past few months that the leaders on both sides have dared to go beyond these sentimental barriers and to suggest that any solution is better than none at all, and that the nearest possible approach to an ethnic solution, which in practice means more or less the *status quo*, may become a basis for argument. But while Kardelj begins to talk along the lines of a "new approach" and refers to the *status quo* as "a hard fact which cannot be changed by words" (September 30, 1951) and de Gasperi begins to refer to "a basis for diplomatic negotiations" instead of an unqualified claim (October 10, 1951), press and public opinion lags far behind and still insists on the complete fulfilment of almost mystical aims.

On the Yugoslav side, the possession of Trieste and its hinterland appears to the enthusiastic demonstrators of Belgrade as the final rounding off of the unification of the South Slavs. For the propaganda claims to Carinthia have scarcely been taken seriously even by those who put them forward. Indeed, even in Ljubljana, the provincial capital most closely affected, all observers have been struck by the genuine enthusiasm that is shown for the Istrian claims and the marked lack of interest in Carinthia, for which even Communist political agitation has never been able to whip up a convincing demonstration.

On the Italian side, Trieste and Venezia Giulia are regarded as the last defences of *italianità*, that somewhat vague term that, under Mussolini, tried to revive the traditions of Venice and extend Italian rule not only to Dalmatia, but even to Albania and parts of Greece. This sentiment, though founded on undoubted Italian cultural predominance throughout most of the Middle Ages, has mainly developed since World War I. Its roots are extremely shallow but, like many other weeds, its growth and flowering have been prodigious.

In both cases these sentiments have been greatly encouraged by the age-old contempt that both races have held for one another. The Yugoslav heroic ballads refer to the Italians as unwarlike "*Latini stari varalici*" (the Latins, dyed-in-the-wool deceivers) while, on the other hand, the Italians have been inclined to dismiss the late-flowering South Slavs as tempestuous barbarians. Statesmen may look beyond these national prejudices but I have heard, even in very recent years, these opinions frequently and forcefully expressed by the common people.